
DIVINE HYMNS
AND
P O E M S
ON
Several Occasions.

DIVINE HYMNS

P O O M S



ON

Several Occasions.

A
COLLECTION
OF
Divine Hymns
AND
POEMS
ON

Several Occasions:

BY THE

E. of Roscommon,	}	{	Mr. Norris,
Mr. Dryden,			Mrs. Kath. Phillips,
Mr. Dennis,			Philomela, and others.

Most of them never before Printed.

L O N D O N,

Printed for J. Baker, in Grocers-Alley in the
Poultry, 1709.

A
COLLECTION
OF

English Epigrams

P O E M S



Several Editions

By J. W. Smith
 In 1711
 Mr. Dryden
 Mr. Dennis
 Mr. Keble Phillips
 Philomela, and others

Most of them never before Printed.

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Baker, in Great-Britain in the
 Year 1700

THE PREFACE.

ANY one who considers the Nature of Man, must needs own that Poetry is very proper to work upon it; that it may be of Excellent Use unto him, and that it has in some respects the Advantage of Abstract Reasoning and Philosophy.

'Tis true, were we nothing but pure Intellect, were we stript of Flesh and Blood, and arriv'd at that perfect State the Saints above enjoy, then a bare abstraction of Thot, and orderly ranging of Idea's, might serve the Turn. But while we continue such Beings as we are, while Blood, and Spirits, Imagination and Passion, make up a Part of our Nature, these must have their proper Objects and Incentives, or we shall scarcely engage in the Quest of Glory: For what are these but a Sort of Wings to the Soul?

The PREFACE.

She may Creep, but will hardly Soar, without them.

Now the great Business of Poetry (as ev'ry one knows) is to paint agreeable Pictures on the Imagination, to actuate the Spirits, and give the Passions a Noble Pitch. All its daring Metaphors, surprising Turns, melting Accents, lofty Flights, and lively Descriptions, serve for this End: While we Read we feel a strange Warmth boiling within, the Blood dances through the Veins, Joy lightens in the Countenance, and we are insensibly led into a pleasing Captivity.

These are some of the genuine Effects of Poetry; so that without all question it may be of excellent Use to Mankind, may improve our Souls, and serve as a powerful Charm to deter us from Vice, and engage us on the side of Wisdom and Vertue.

But then for the same Reason it can't be deny'd that it may be equally Pernicious. Profane and Leud Poetry is one of the greatest Incentives to Wickedness in the World, like the Syren's Melody, while it Charms it Kills us. Vice is a deform'd and odious thing, and if expos'd Naked,
would

The PREFACE.

would have but few Admirers; it owes all its Lustre to false Colours, and these it chiefly borrows from the Poets; 'tis they that smooth the Monster's Brow, and make her Smile, that conceal her Defects, and set her off to the greatest Advantage. How many, who would have started at the open Face of Vice, have been entic'd into its Fatal Embraces by means of those bewitching Disguises that Poetry has bestow'd on't?

Who that has any Concern for Religion, or the Happiness of Mankind, can consider without Melancholy, what Store of Profane and Leud Poetry these late Times have produc'd, how much 'tis valued, and what great Mischief is done by it? What Numbers of Plays, and other Books of Poetry and Gallantry, are daily expos'd to Sale, which besides the Wit (pity so Excellent a Thing should be employ'd to such sorry Purposes) contain nothing but Fuel for Mens Corruptions? That burlesque Religion, desie its Author, and turn the most serious Things into fulsome Ridicule? Vice here rides Triumphant, has forgot to blush, and puts on that Air of Confidence which
Truth

The PREFACE.

Truth and Virtue should only appear in: One would think these had resign'd up all their Authority to it, and acknowledg'd Vice to be the more Noble and Excellent Thing. The Heathens are at length conquer'd by us, Ancient Rome must give Place to London; and should the Poets and Comedians of those Days return agen, they'd freely own themselves outmatch'd by Christians, and wonder at our Improvements in all the Arts of Wickedness. 'Tis strange, as well as deplorable, to see what Credit the Leudest Authors obtain among us; how fast their Infection spreads, and how fond Men are of the Instruments of their Ruin. These are the Famous Volumes that crowd the Press, and enrich the Printer and Bookseller! Books of a contrary Strain, tho' their Subjects are never so Noble, and they are Writ with a great deal of Sense and Wit, go off but dully, they want the most Charming Accomplishment, and don't agree (God forgive us) with the Taste of this refin'd Age! To such a Degree of Degeneracy are we grown; and these are the dismal Effects of Loose and Impious Authors! While War makes Havock a-
broad,

The PREFACE.

broad, the Stage ruins at home, and proves more Fatal to Mens Souls, than that to their Bodies; the Contagion spreads wide, our Guilt cries loud, and, like a mighty Deluge, threatens to overwhelm us.

Tis hop'd however our Condition is not desperate: The Disease is deplorable, but may admit of a Cure. Virtue has still her Champions and Admirers, who are not asham'd of her despis'd Cause, nor dread to stem the Threatning Torrent. Some faint Dawnings of Reformation seem to appear, and things begin to recover a better Aspect than formerly. Mr. Collier (to whom the Age can never be sufficiently grateful) has given the Stage such a Blow, as in time I'm perswaded will Ruin or Reform it. The very Answers to his Writings do but add to his Triumphs, and loudly confess what feeble Arguments Vice is supported with. Truth and Virtue are unconquerable; tho' long Oppress'd and Smother'd, they'll at length break forth afresh, and shine in all their Native Lustre and Beauty. Happy! Shou'd our Days afford such a Prospect
as

The PREFACE.

as this. Should it be told to Posterity, that these Times saw Vice Confounded, and Virtue sit Enthron'd on the Ruins of Impiety. Nor have we any Cause to despair of it, since we have a Queen, who is the Glory of Princes as well as of her Sex: A Queen, who not only severely re-proves Vice by her shining Example, but has often declar'd her high Indignation against it; and who has already, by her Prudent Commands, given an Effectual Check to some of the Disorders of the Theatre: Her Majesty, while she confounds her Enemies Abroad, by the Thunder of her Arms, by her Gentle and Pious Government scatters ample Blessings on her Subjects at Home.

*Gives Glorious Morals to a Vicious Age,
To Temples Zeal, and Manners to the Stage,
Bids the Chaste Muse without a Blush appear,
And Wit be that which Heaven and she may hear.*

*Prologue spoke at Court before the Queen
on her Majesties Birth-Day, 170 $\frac{1}{4}$.*

*We are bless'd also with several truly
Great Men, both in Church and State
Great*

The PREFACE.

Great I mean, not so much on the Account of their Dignity as Deserts. Men who seem rais'd up on purpose for some Glorious Work! Who are govern'd by Generous Principles, and who shew great Moderation in ev'ry thing, unless in opposing Vice, Bigottry, and Persecution. So that considering these things, maynt we one Day hope to see a Glorious Reformation?

One great Obstacle that lyes still in the Way is, that there are so many Men of Extraordinary Sense and Wit engag'd in the Cause of Irreligion. Wou'd these but once desert the Sorry Cause they have espous'd, and come over to the Side of Virtue, wou'd they shew but half that Zeal in advancing Religion, they have unhappily done in discarding it, the desir'd Work wou'd go on Gloriously; for certainly they who can set off Vice with Advantage, and give Sin it self an agreeable Prospect, might far more easily recommend Virtue; might with far less Pains reform the World, than they are at to ruin it.

Virtue is in it self Excellent and Charming, and wants but a little Art to render it

The PREFACE.

it Victorious. Wou'd but our great Genius's then employ their Pens in its Service, and by a good Life, witness their Sincerity, what a Happy Change should we soon see! How wou'd they attract the Attention of Mankind? What Force or Act wou'd be able to withstand such skilful Advocates when employ'd in so good a Cause? How fast wou'd Vice lose Ground, and Blush at her own Deformity? How wou'd the soft and moving Strains of Poetry tame the Savage, inspire the Stupid, melt the Cruel, quench the Flames of Lust, and blow up the pure Flames of Devotion. These wou'd be the certain Effects of Divine and Vertuous Poetry. May the Wits of the Nation at length make the Experiment, and so bless the World and themselves together.

Thus now I have deliver'd my Mind with some VVarmth and Freedom, but the Importance of the Thing I presume will sufficiently excuse me; not that I expect to escape uncensur'd, this were to betray my Ignorance of the Age we live in: But 'tis better I think to suffer Man's Judgment than God's, better be censur'd for defending

The PREFACE.

sending Religion, than for being a Traitor to its Cause. This is what however pleases me. My severest Censures (unless more hardned Sinners than Rochester himself) will when Death approaches them alter their Opinion, and wish, with me, they had been faithful to God; and to their Consciences; they'll give a World then to live over those precious Minutes agen, which are now spent perhaps in the wildest Extravagances. Vertue will then appear to them in all its Charms, and Vice in all its Deformity; and they'll be at length sadly convinc'd, that such are the only Wise and Happy Men, who fear God, and live as the Heirs of Glory and Immortality.

It remains now that a Word or Two be said concerning the Collection the World is here presented with; 'tis partly borrow'd from Authors, and partly New. The Authors are Men of unquestionable Reputation in these Matters; the Poems were dispers'd thro' several Volumes, and most of them mix'd with others of a quite different Nature, so that though Printed already, they cou'd come into but very few Hands, and will be altogether New to most People. Our Poets
have

The PREFACE.

have so little imploy'd their Talents on Divine Subjects, that their numerous Volumes afford not Poems enough of that Nature to furnish out one Octavo, and for this Reason we have added several New Copies, which make up about half the Book. 'Tis hop'd these will be no Disgrace to the rest. May the whole be attended with God's Blessing, and help to revive languishing Piety among us.

DIVINE

DIVINE
H Y M N S
AND
P O E M S.

H Y M N I.

I.

T H E Glorious Armies of the Sky
To thee, O mighty King!

Triumphant Anthems consecrate,
And Hallelujahs sing.

II.

But still their most exalted Flights
Fall vastly short of thee ;

B

How

How distant then must humane Praise

— From thy Perfections be !

III.

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,

When to my ravish'd sense

Each Creature in their various Ways

Display thy Excellence ?

IV.

The active Lights that shine above,

In their Eternal Dance,

Reveal their skilful Maker's Praise

With silent Elegance.

V.

The Blushes of the Morn confess

That thou art much more Fair,

When in the East its Beams revive

To gild the Fields of Air.

VI.

The Fragrant, the Refreshing, Breath
Of every flow'r'y Bloom,
In balmy Whispers own from thee
Their pleasing Odours come.

VII.

The singing Birds, the warbling Winds,
And Waters murmuring fall,
To praise the first Almighty Cause
With different Voices call.

VIII.

Thy numerous Works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee

H Y M N II.

I.

Begin the high Celestial Strain,
 My ravish'd Soul, and sing
 A solemn Hymn of graceful Praise
 To Heav'ns Almighty King.

II.

Ye curling Fountains as you roul
 Your silver Waves along,
 Whisper to all your verdant Shores
 The Subject of my Song.

III.

Retain it long you ecchoing Rocks,
 The Sacred Sound retain,
 And from your hollow winding Caves
 Return it oft again.

IV.

Bear it ye Winds on all your Wings

To distant Climes away,

And round the wide extended World

My lofty Theme convey.

V.

Take the glad Burden of his Name

Ye Clouds as you arise,

Whether to deck the golden Morn,

Or shade the Evening Skies.

VI.

Let harmless Thunders roul along

The smooth Etherial Plain,

And answer from the Crystal Vault

To every flying Strain.

VII.

Long let it warble round the Spheres,

And Eccho thro' the Sky,

Till Angels with immortal Skill

Improve the Harmony.

VIII.

While I with Sacred Rapture fir'd

The blest Creator Sing,

And Warble consecrated Lays

To Heaven's Almighty King.

H Y M N III.

IV.

THou did'st, O Mighty God, exist

E'er Time began its Race,

Before the ample Elements

Fill'd up the Voids of Space.

VII.

II.

Before the pond'rous earthly Globe

In fluid Air was staid,

Before the Oceans mighty Springs

Their liquid Stores display'd.

III.

E'er thro' the Gloom of ancient Night

The Streaks of Light appear'd,

Before the high celestial Arch,

Or Starry Poles were rear'd.

IV.

Before the loud melodious Spheres

Their tuneful Round begun,

Before the shining Roads of Heav'n

Were measur'd by the Sun.

V.

E'er thro' the Empirean Courts

One Hallelujah rung,

Or to their Harps the Sons of Light

Extatick Anthems sung.

VI.

E'er Men ador'd, or Angels knew,
 Or prais'd, thy wondrous Name,
 Thy Bliss (O Sacred Spring of Life!)
 And Glory was the same.

VII.

And when the Pillars of the World
 With sudden Ruin break,
 And all this vast and goodly Frame
 Sinks in the mighty Wreck;

VIII.

When from her Orb the Moon shall start,
 Th' astonish'd Sun roul back,
 While all the trembling starry Lamps
 Their ancient Course forsake;

IX.

IX.

For ever Permanent and Fix'd,
From Agitation free,
Unchang'd, in Everlasting Years
Shall thy Existence be.

H Y M N IV.

I.

To thee, my God, I hourly Sigh,
But not for golden Stores,
Nor covet I the brightest Gems
On the Rich Eastern Shores.

II.

Nor that deluding empty Joy
Men call a mighty Name,
Nor Greatness in its gayest Pride
My restless Thoughts inflame.

III.

III.

Nor Pleasures Soft enticing Charms
 My fond Desires allure,
 For greater Things than these from thee
 My Wishes wou'd secure.

IV.

Those Blisful, those Transporting, Smiles
 That brighten Heav'n above,
 The boundless Riches of thy Grace,
 And Treasures of thy Love.

V.

These are the mighty Things I crave,
 O make these Blessings mine,
 And I the Glories of the World
 Contentedly resign.

H Y M N V. P.

I.

IN Vain the dusky Night retires,
And sullen Shadows fly :

In Vain the Morn with purple Light
Adorns the Eastern Sky.

II.

In Vain the gaudy Rising-sun
The wide Horizon gilds,
Comes glitt'ring o'er the silver Streams
And Cheers the dewy Fields.

III.

In Vain dispensing vernal Sweets
The Morning Breezes play ;
In Vain the Birds with chearful Songs
Salute the New-born Day ;

IV.

IV.

In Vain, unless my Saviour's Face

These gloomy Clouds controul,

And dissipate the sullen Shades

That press my drooping Soul.

V.

Oh visit then thy Servant, Lord,

With Favour from on high,

Arise, my Bright Immortal Sun,

And all these Shades will die.

VI.

When, when, shall I behold thy Face

All Radiant and Serene,

Without these envious dusky Clouds

That make a Vail between ?

VII.

When shall that long expected Day

Of Sacred Vision be,

When

When my impatient Soul shall make

A near Approach to thee.

A Paraphrase on *John* 3. 16. By
a Young Lady. *P*

*For God so loved the World, that he gave
his only Begotten Son, &c.*

I.

YES, so God lov'd the World ; but where
Are this great Love's Dimensions ?

Ev'n Angels stop, for baffled here

Are their vast Apprehensions.

In Vain they strive to grasp the boundless Thing ;

Not all their Comments can explain the mighty
(Truth I sing.

II.

Yet still they pause on the Contents

Of this amazing Story ;

How

14 *Divine Hymns and Poems.*

How he that fill'd the wide Extents
Of uncreated Glory :

He whom the Heav'n of Heav'ns cou'd not contain,
Shou'd yet within the Sacred Maid's contracted
(Womb remain.

III.

They see him Born, and hear him Weep,
To aggravate their Wonder,
Whose awful Voice had shook the Deep,
And breath'd his Will in Thunder:

That awful Voice chang'd to an Infant's Cry,
Whilst in a feeble Woman's Arms he seems con-
(strain'd to lye.

IV.

A God (Ah ! where are humane Boasts ?)
Extended in a Manger !

The Lord of all the Heav'nly Hosts
Expos'd to Scorn and Danger !

The

The Only Blest the All-sufficient weeps,
But Oh, who guides the stagg'ring World while
(its Protector sleeps?)

V.

And canst thou Man ungrateful prove?

When 'twas for thy Salvation

He left those splendid Seats above,

His late bright Habitation,

Where all his Deity shone without th' Allay

Of a seraphick Vehicle, or dedicated Clay.

VI.

Where he transcendently possess'd

The Fulness of Perfection,

Tho' here benighted and oppress'd,

The Type of all Dejection.

He asks for Food that gave the Ravens Bread,

And the great Founder of the World wants where

(to lay his Head.

VII.

VII.

But Oh ! what dark Catastrophe

Does Hell at last conspire !

Behold upon the cursed Tree

The Lord of Life expire :

From this amaz'd, the Sun withdraws his Eye,

Afraid to see his Maker bleed, and the Eternal die

VIII.

The Seraphim that throng'd about

'Twixt Hope and Consternation,

Now blaze the wondrous News about

The Radiant Corporation ;

Who vainly strive the Mystery to scan

And fathom the stupendious Depths of this great
(Love to Man.

IX.

He on the Rights of Justice stood

With their exalted Nature,

That

That now thro' Streams of Sacred Blood
Wafts the terrestrial Creature,
Wafts dusty Man to that Felicity
Which the Apostate Sons of Light must never
(hope to see.

*A Paraphrase on the 148th Psalm.
By the Earl of Roscommon,
writ at Twelve Years of Age.*

O Azure Vaults ! O Crystal Sky !
The World's transparent Canopy,
Break your long Silence, and let Mortals know
With what Contempt you look on Things below.

Wing'd Squadrons of the God of War,
Who conquer whereso'er you are,
Let ecchoing Anthems make his Praises known
On Earth his Footstool, as in Heav'n his Throne.

Great Eye of all, whose glorious Ray
Rules the bright Empire of the Day,
O praise his Name, without whose purer Light
Thou hadst been hid in an Abyfs of Night.

Ye Moon and Planets, who dispence
By God's Command your Influence,
Resign to him, as your Creator, due,
That Veneration which Men pay to you.

Fairest as well as first of Things,
From whom all Joy, all Beauty, springs,
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the Globe,
Who useth thee for his Imperial Robe.

Praise him ye loud harmonious Spheres,
Whose Sacred Stamp all Nature bears,
Who did all Forms from the rude Chaos draw,
And whose Command is th' Universal Law.

Ye watry Mountains of the Sky,
And you so far above our Eye,
Vast ever-moving Orbs exalt his Name,
Who gave its Being to your glorious Frame.

Ye Dragons, whose contagious Breath
Peoples the dark Retreats of Death,
Change your fierce Hissing into joyful Song,
And praise your Maker with your forked Tongue

Praise him ye Monsters of the Deep,
That in the Seas vast Bosom Sleep,
At whose Command the foaming Billows roar,
Yet know their Limits, tremble, and adore.

Ye Mists and Vapours, Hail and Snow,
And you who thro' the Concave blow,
Swift Executors of his Holy Word,
Whirlwinds and Tempests, praise th' Almighty
(Lord.

Mountains who to your Maker's View
Seem less then Mole-hills do to you,
Remember how, when first *Jehovah* spoke,
All Heav'n was Fire, and *Sinai* hid in Smoke.

Praise him sweet Off-spring of the Ground,
With Heav'nly Nectar yearly crown'd,
And ye tall Cedars celebrate his Praise,
That in his Temple Sacred Altars raise.

Idle Musicians of the Spring,
Whose only Care's to love and sing,
Fly thro' the World, and let your trembling
(Throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest Note.

Praise him each Salvage, furious Beast
That on his Stores do daily feast,
And you tame Slaves of the laborious Plow,
Your weary Knees to your Creator bow.

Majestick Monarchs, Mortal Gods,
 Whose Pow'r hath here no Periods,
 May all Attempts against your Crown be Vain,
 But still remember by whose Pow'r you Reign.

Let the wide World his Praises sing,
 Where *Tagus* and *Euphrates* spring,
 And from the *Danube's* frosty Banks to those
 Where from an unknown Head great *Nilus* flows.

You that dispose of all our Lives,
 Praise him from whom your Pow'r derives;
 Be true and just like him, and fear his Word,
 As much as Malefactors do your Sword.

Praise him old Monuments of Time : A
 O praise him in your youthful Prime.
 Praise him Fair Idols of our greedy Sence,
 Exalt his Name sweet Age of Innocence.

Jehovah's Name shall only last,
 When Heaven, Earth, and all is past;
 Nothing, Great God, is to be found in thee
 But unconceivable Eternity.

Exalt O Jacob's Sacred Race,
 The God of Gods, the God of Grace,
 Who will above the Stars your Empire raise,
 And with his Glory recompence your Praise.

TE DEUM *Paraphrased.* By
 Mr. Dennis.

I.

A Long Adieu to Mortal Lays,
 Our Voice t' immortal Heights we raise,
 And sing the great Creator's Praise ;
 Thy Praise, O God, thy boundless Praise,
 In more than humane Sounds we sing,
 O for an Angel's tow'ring Wing !

O !

O ! Rather for thy Spirit to sustain

Each matchless Strain,

That it may reach Eternal Heights,

And in its lofty, daring, Flights,

The Heaven of Heavens may'st cale,

Raise all your Voices, strike your Strings,

'Tis God, 'tis God we sing;

Sound all and cry with one accord,

Hail thou Supream of Things !

The World's great Author Hail !

Hail Infinite Eternal King,

The God above all Heights ador'd !

We all confess, and all obey,

Prostrate, and low, and trembling, all

Before thy dreadful Majesty we fall,

Acknowledging thy boundless Sway.

II.

Such Homage to their Eastern Kings

The *Indian* and the *Persian* brings :

But Eastern Kings [alas] to thee
Vain Fantoms are of Royalty,
That with a false, delusive, Power
Appear and vanish in an Hour.

For thee what Homage shall we find ?

Infinite, Independant, Mind.

What Homage worthy of the God

That can unmake us with a Nod ?

Look from thy awful Throne on High,

And with thy Omnipresent Eye

Into our Souls Recesses pry :

There see a Homage worthy thee,

Worthy Eternal Majesty,

See profound Humility,

See Souls entirely Mortify'd,

Down senseless Vanity and Pride ;

Vile as thou art vain Man appear,

Behold Omnipotence is here.

When he who only is, when he

Appears, what Worms, what Mites, are we !

Nay,

Nay, we are not, we only seem,
We're scarce a Shadow, scarce a Dream,
A senseless Dream of what is not,
That passes and is strait forgot.
Thou only art, for what thou art
Thou always wilt be, always wert;
For thou art Permanent and Fix'd,
Uncreated, and Unmix'd;
The Radiant Heavens, and Rowling Earth,
Owe to thee their wondrous Birth;
Thou of Ten Thousand VVorlds art Lord,
And art by every VVorld ador'd;
They all confess thy Power Divine,
For thee they Move, for thee they Shine,
And every VVorld's for ever thine.

III.

And this great Planet Earth, which roulds
Incessantly around its Poles,
And till the End of Time must Run
Its Giant Race about the Sun;

And

And moving round the Lamp of Day,
 O'ertake the Seasons in its way,
 While slanting in its Oblique flight,
 It shortens or prolongs the Night ;
 Thee Motion's Fountain, and its Source,
 It VVorships in its endless Course ;
 Thee while it turns about the Sphere,
 Accomplishing the mighty Year,
 Its great Creator thee it serves,
 And thy Eternal Laws observes.
 Creatures to whom great Mother Earth,
 Fermented by thy Flame, gave Birth ;
 All that on *Lybian* Mountains Roar,
 Or Flounder on the *Indian* Shore ;
 All that in airy Caravans on high,
 Intelligent of Seasons fly,
 Tbro' the vast Desarts of th' Aerial Sky,
 All to their Maker Adoration pay,
 All constantly thy several Laws obey,
 VVhich their distinguish'd Tribes and diffe-
 (rent Nations sway.

Their

Their Seasons pre-ordain'd by thee they know,
At thy Command they come, at thy Com-
(mand they go.

IV.

None but Irregular Man thy rightful Sway,
Impious Irregular Man dares Disobey;
Yet Impious Man too thee Adores,
Thee from *Carthaian* to *Peruvian* Shores,
VVith Nameless Rights, unnumber'd Tongues,
He every Hour implores.

Before thy Feet Earth's numerous Kingdoms all,
Before thy Feet a Thousand Monarchs fall,
And thee their Everlasting Father call. }
And thus they Cry, thy potent Breath,
Our great Forefather call'd from more than Death
When thou saidst let him be, the Sound
Drew him wond'ring from the Ground;
Before thee low the World's great Rulers Bow, }
Thou art our God, our mighty Maker thou, }
Thou Form'dst us at the first, and thou Su- }
(tain'st us now. }

V.

Now let us Earth and Earthly things disdain,
 Now let us try a loftier Strain,
 Now let our Souls to Heaven repair,
 Direct their most aspiring Flight,
 To Fields of uncreated Light,
 And dare to draw Imperial Air.
 'Tis done, Oh, Place divinely Bright !
 Oh, Sons of God divinely Fair !
 Oh Sight ! Unutterable Sight !
 Oh, unconceivable Delight !
 Oh Joy, which only Gods can bear !
 Hark how their blissful Notes they raise,
 And Sing the Eternal Maker's Praise ;
 How in Extatick Song they Cry,
 Lo we the glorious Sons of Light,
 So Great, so Beautiful, so Bright !
 Lo we the brightest of Created things,
 Who are all Flame, all Force, all Spirit,
 And all Eye,

Are

Are yet but Vile, and Nothing in thy Sight
Before thy Feet, O mighty King of Kings!

O Maker of this boundless All!

Thus lowly Reverent we fall,

Thou know'st how many of us fell,

To lowest Shame and lowest Hell;

But thou art Holy, thou, O Lord,

Art only fit to be Implor'd,

Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd!

And thus they pass Eternity,

To thee all Angels in the Sky,

And all Archangels loudly Cry,

The mighty Cherubim,

Answer the flaming Seraphim,

Holy, continually they Cry!

O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,

Of Sacred Sabbath God Ador'd.

From them Dominions catch the blissful Song,

And Thrones the glorious Fugue Prolong.

Holy

Holy continually they Cry,
 Th' Harmonious Thunder rowls along ^{the}
 Skies,

And to the Golden Orbs it flies.

The vast Intelligences all on Fire,

With flaming Zeal, compleat the Immortal
 (Quire;

To sing the great Creator all Conspire;

All Ranks Divinely touch the Living Lyre:

O Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord,

Of Sacred Sabbath, God Ador'd!

Holy the Imperial Spirits cry,

Holy the Regents of the Orbs reply.

To the great Strain they tune their Spheres,

And Ravish even Immortal Ears:

And all the Harmonious Worlds on high

Accompany the Song Divine,

And in th' eternal Chorus join.

VI.

Thus thee they always Worship, all
 Thee God of Sacred Sabbath call.

For

For thou hast been of Holy Rest,
From vast Eternity posselt.

When all in yon Created Mass
Does but appear, and move, and pass;
All moves, all fluctuates, without end,
But Spirits that on thine Depend.

Yon Glorious Worlds, that floating lye,
In the profound Abyss of Sky,
In Matter's Stormy Gulph are tost,
Till in a flaming Wrack they're lost.

We that so far with Angels Ken can Trace
Thy Godlike Works along the boundless Space,
See Nought from endless Agitation free,
But thee, the Great, th' Eternal, Mover thee.
Even we are mov'd, even we are tost
In Blissful Rapture almost lost,

Even we sometimes almost complain,
Of Transports that are near to Pain,
Which without thee we never could Sustain.

Thou mov'st us all, yet ever blest,

Alone enjoy'st perpetual Rest:

Thy

Thy great All-seeing Eyes ne'er Sleep;
And yet for everlasting Days
They Sabbath, Sacred Sabbath, keep;
The wondrous Subject of our Praise.
But who, tho' Mounted on an Angel's Wing,
Can ever hope to raise his Flight
To such a Tow'ring, such a Godlike Height,
As thee with equal Song to Sing?
Thee over all the Worlds Supream,
Who must not flag beneath th' Almighty Theme.
Where-e'er at utmost Stretch we cast our Eyes,
Thro' the vast frightful Spaces of the Skies,
Even there we find thy Glory, there we Gaze
On thy bright Majesty's unbounded Blaze:
Ten Thousands Suns, prodigious Globes of Light
At once in Broad Dimensions strike our Sight.
Millions behind, in the Remoter Skies
Appear but Spangels to our wearied Eyes:
And when our wearied Eyes want further
(Strength,
To pierce the Void's Immeasurable Length,

Our vigorous Tow'ring Thoughts still further fly
And still Remoter flaming Worlds descry :
But even an Angel's Comprehensive Thought
Cannot extend so far as thou hast Wrought ;
Our vast Conceptions are by Swelling brought,
Swallow'd and Lost in Infinite to Nought.

*Hymn on the Sacrament. By an
unknown Hand.*

I.

AND art thou mine, my dearest Lord ?

Then I have all. Nor fly
The boldest Wishes I can form
Unto a Pitch more high!

II.

Yes, thou art mine, the Contract's Seal'd
With thy own precious Blood ;
And e'en Almighty Power's Engag'd
To see it all made Good.

III.

My Fears dissolve : For O what more
 Cou'd studious Bounty do ?
What farther mighty Proofs are left
 Unbounded Love to shew ?

IV.

My Faith's Confirm'd, nor wou'd I quit
 My Title to thy Love
For all the valu'd things below,
 Or shining things above.

V.

Nor at the prosp'rous Sinner's State
 Do I at all Repine ;
No, let 'em Parcel out the Earth,
 While Heav'n and thou art mine.

*A Pastoral on the Nativity of our
Saviour, in Imitation of an Italian
Pastoral. By Mrs. Singer.*

Menalcus.

SOME mighty Things these awful Signs portend !
Amaz'd, we see new Stars the Skies ascend ;
A Thousand strange usurping Lights appear,
And dart their sudden Glories thro' the Air ;
A dazzling Day without the Sun returns,
And thro' the Midnights dusky Horror burns.

Palemon.

And in the Depth of Winter Spring appears,
For lo ! the Ground a sudden Verdure Wears ;
The op'ning Flow'rs display their gaudi'st Dye,
And seem with all the Summer's Pride to vie.

Unraio.

Nor without Myſt'ry are theſe Joys that roul
In Torrents thro' my now prophetick Soul,
And ſoftly whiſper to my raviſh'd Breſt,
That more than all the Tribes the Race of
(Judah's bleſt.

Menalcus.

But ſee the Eaſtern Skies diſcloſe a Light
Beyond the Noontides flaming Glories Bright,
This Way its Courſe the Sacred Viſion bends,
And with much State and ſolemn Pomp deſcends:
Sonorous Voices eccho from afar,
And ſoftly warble thro' the trembling Air :
The circling Spheres the charming Sound prolong,
And answer all the Cadence of their Song :
And now the Sacred Harmony draws near,
And now a Thouſand Heav'nly Forms appear:

Angels.

Angels.

Immortal Glory give to God on High,
Thro' all the lofty Stations of the Sky,
Let Joy on Earth, and endless Peace, ensue,
The great Messiah's Born, Thrice Happy Men to
(you.

Uranio.

The great Messiah Born! Transporting Sound!
To the wide World spread the blest Accents round.
What Joy these long-expected Tidings bring!
To us is Born a Saviour, and a King.

Angels.

An Infant in a Virgin's Arms he lyes
Who rides the Winds, and thunders thro' the Skies
The God to whom the flaming Seraphs bow
Descends to lead the Life of Mortals now.

Menalcus.

—Surprizing Pow'r of Love !
Ev'n God himself thy mighty Force does prove ;
Thou rul'st the World below, and govern'st all
(above !)

Reduc'd to lodge among the sordid Beast,
Who all the spacious Realms of Light possess'd ;
And he whose humble Ministers we were,
Becomes a Tender Virgin's helpless Care.
Thro' Heav'n, but now, the hasty Tidings rung,
And Anthems on the wondrous Theme they sung.

Palemon.

But to what happy Maid of humane Race
Has Heav'n allotted this peculiar Grace ?

Angels.

Ye ecchoing Skies repeat *Maria's* Name,
Maria thro' the Starry Worlds proclaim.
In her bright Face Celestial Graces shine,
Her Mind's enrich'd with Treasures all Divine,
From *David's* Royal House descends her noble
(Line.)

But see the humble Seat, the poor Abode,
That holds the Virgin, with the Infant God.

Menalcus.

Thee, Virgin Born, thus prostrate I adore,
 And offer here the Choice of all my Store.
 Untill'd the Earth shall now vast Harvests yield,
 And laughing Plenty crown the open Field.
 Clear Rivers in the Desarts shall be seen,
 And barren Wastes cloath'd in eternal Green.
 Instead of Thorns the stately Fair shall rise,
 And wave his lofty Head amid'st the Skies ;
 Where Thistles shall once, fragrant Myrtle grow,
 The beauteous Rose on ev'ry Bush shall grow,
 And from the purple Grape rich Wines
 (unpress'd shall flow.

Palemon.

Great Star of Jacob, that so Bright dost rise,
 Turn lovely Infant thy auspicious Eyes :
 This soft and spotless Wooll to thee I bring,
 My earliest Tribute to the new-born King.

With thee each Sacred Virtue takes its Birth,
 And Peace and Justice now shall rule the Earth.

Thou

Thou shalt the Bliss of Paradise restore,
 And Wars and Tumults shall be heard no more.
 The Wolf and Lamb shall now together feed,
 And with the Ox the Lions savage Breed.
 The Child shall with the harmless Serpent play,
 And lead Unhurt the gentle Beast away.
 And where the Sun ascends the shining East,
 And where he ends his Journey in the West,
 Thy glorious Name shall be ador'd and blest.

Uranio.

The Hope of *Israel* Hail— with humble Zeal
 To thee, unquestion'd Son of God, I kneel :
 All Hail to thee, of whom the Prophets Old
 Such mighty Things to our Forefathers told,
 Thy Kingdom shall from Sea to Sea extend,
 And reach the spacious World's remotest End.
 The spicy Isle, and *Saba's* wealthy King,
 To thee from far shall costly Presents bring.
 Thy stedfast Throne shall stand for ever fast,
 And thy Dominion Time it self outlast.

This

This gentle Lamb, the best my Flocks afford,
I bring an Off'ring to all Natures Lord.

Angels.

And we the Regents of the Spheres, thus low
Before Mankind's illustrious Saviour bow,
Astonish'd, in an Infant's Form we see,
Disguis'd th' ineffable Divinity,
Who arm'd with Thunder, on the Fields of Light
O'ercame the potent Seraphims in Fight.
Thus humbled— O unbounded Force of Love !
Subdu'd by that from all the Joys above,
Thou cam'st the wretched Life of Man to prove.
And thus our ruin'd Numbers will supply,
And fill the Desolations of the Sky.

Para-

*Paraphrase on Rev. Chap. I. from
V. 13. to V. 18. By a Young
Lady. P*

I.

WHo could and yet outlive th' amazing Sight!
O who could stand the Strefs of so much
(Light!

Amidst the golden Lamps the Vision stood,
Form'd like a Man, with all the Awe and Lustre
of a God.

II.

A kingly Vesture cloath'd him to the Ground,
And radiant Gold his Sacred Breasts furround,
But all too thin the Deity to shrow'd ;
For Heav'nly Rays expressly shone thro' the unable
(Cloud.

III.

III.

His Head, his awful Head, was grac'd with Hair
As Soft as Snow, as melted Silver Fair,
And from his Eyes such active Glories flow,
The conscious Seraphs well might veil their dim-
(mer Faces too.

IV.

His Feet were strong, and dreadful as his Port,
Worthy the godlike Form they did support ;
His Voice resembled the Majestick Fall
Of mighty Waves : 'Twas Awful, Great, Divine,
(and Solemn, all.

V.

His pow'rful Hand a Starry Scepter held,
His Mouth a threatening two-edg'd Sword did wield,
His Face so wondrous, so divinely Fair,
As all the glorious Lights above had been con-
tracted there.

VI.

VI.

And now my fainting Spirits strove in vain
The uncorrected Splendor to sustain :
Unable longer such bright Rays to meet,
I dy'd beneath the pond'rous Load at the great
(Vision's Feet.

VII.

But he that doth the Springs of Life contain
Breath'd back my Soul, and bid me live again,
And thus began— (but Oh with such an Air
As nothing but a Power Divine had made me
(live to hear.

VIII.

“ From an unviewable Eternity
“ I was, I am, and must for ever be :
“ Once Dead, but now an endless Life I gain,
“ And over Death and Hell Triumphant reign.

*A Pindarick Ode on the Passion of
our Saviour. By Mr. Norris.*

I.

SAY bold, licentious, Muse,
What noble Subject wilt thou chuse ?

Of what great Hero, of what mighty Thing,
Wilt thou in boundless Numbers sing ?
Sing th' unfathom'd Depths of Love,
For who the Wonders done by Love can tell,
By Love, which is it self all Miracle ?
Here in vast endless Circles may'st thou rove,
And like the travelling Planet of the Day,

In an Orb unbounded Stray :
Sing the great Miracle of Love Divine,
Great be thy Genius, sparkling every Line ;
Love's greatest Mysteries rehearse,
Greater than that

Which on the teeming Chaos brooding sate,
And

And hatch'd with kindly Heat the Universe.

How God in Mercy chose to die,

To rescue Man from Misery ;

Man, not his Creature only, but his Enemy.

II.

Lo in *Gethsemane* I see him prostrate lye

Press'd with the Weight of his great Agony;

The common Sluces of his Eyes,

To vent his mighty Passion won't suffice;

His tortur'd Body weeps all o'er,

And out of every Pore

Buds forth a precious Gem of purple Gore :

How strange the Power of Affliction's Rod,

When in the Hand of an incensed God !

Like the commanding Wand,

In *Moses* Hand,

It works a Miracle, and turns the Flood

Of Tears into a Sea of Blood.

See with what Pomp Sorrow does now appear,

How proud she is of being seated here ;

She

She never wore
So Rich a Dye before.
Long was he willing to decline
Th' Encounter of the Wrath Divine ;
Thrice he sent for his Release,
Pathetick Embassies of Peace ;
At length his Courage overcame his Doubt,
Resolv'd he was, and so the bloody Flag hung
(out.

III.

And now the Tragick Scene's display'd,
Where drawn in full Battalia are laid
Before his Eyes
That numerous Host of Miseries
He must withstand, that Map of Woe
Which he must undergo.
That heavy Wine-press must by him be trod,
The whole Artillery of God.
He saw that Face whose very Sight
Cheers Angels with its Beatifick Light,

Contracted now into a dreadful Frown,
All cloath'd with Thunder, big with Death,
And Showers of hot burning Wrath,
Which shortly must be pour'd down :
He saw a black and dismal Scroul
Of Sins past, present, and to come,
VVith their intollerable Doom ;
VVhich would the more oppress his spotless Soul,
As th' Elements are weighty prov'd,
VVhen from their native Station they're remov'd.
He saw the foul Ingratitude of those
VVho would the Labours of his Love oppose,
And reap no Benefit by all his Agonies.
He saw all this,
And as he saw to waver he began,
And almost to repent of his great Love to Man.

IV.

When lo ! a Heavenly Form, all Bright and
(Fair,
Swifter than Thought shot thro' th' enlightn'd Air;

E

He

He who sits next th' Imperial Throne,
And reads the Counsels of the great Three-One,
Who in Eternity's mysterious Glass
Saw both what is, what was, and what must come
(to pass ;

He came with Reverence Profound,
And rais'd his prostrate Maker from the Ground,
Wip'd off the bloody Sweat,
With which his Face and Garments too were Wet,
And comforted his dark benighted Mind
With Sovereign Cordials of Light refin'd.

This done, with soft Addresses he began
To fortifie his Kind Designs for Man,
Unseal'd to him the Book of God's Decree,

And shew'd him what must be :

Allerdg'd the Truth of Prophecies,
Of Figures, Types and Mysteries :

How Needful 'twas thus to supply
With humane Race the Ruins of the Sky :

How this would new Accession bring

To the Celestial Quire,
And how withal it would inspire

New Matter for the Praise of the great King :
How he should see the Travail of his Soul, and
(Bless
Those Sufferings which had so good Success :
How great the Triumphs of his Victory :

How glorious his Ascent would be :
What weighty Bliss in Heaven he should obtain
By a few Hours of Pain,
Where to Eternal Ages he should reign.
He spake—confirm'd in Mind the Champion stood,
A Spirit Divine

Thro' the thick Vail of Flesh did shine ;
All over Powerful he was, all over Good.

Pleas'd with his successful Flight,
The officious Angel posts away
To the bright Regions of Eternal Day,

Departing in a Track of Light :
In haste for News the heavenly People ran
And joy'd to hear the hopeful State of Man.

New Matter for the Praise of the great King:
How he should see the Travails of his Soul, and
Bless

And now that strange prodigious Hour,
When God must Subject be to Humane Power,
That Hour is come:

Th' unerring Clock of Fate has struck,
'Twas heard below down to Hell's lowest Room,
And strait th' Infernal Powers th' appointed Sig-
nal took:

Open the Scene, my Muse, and see
Wonders of Impudence and Villany:

How Wicked Mercenary Hands
Dare to Invade him whom they should Adore;
With Swords and Staves encompass'd round he
(stands,
Who knew no other Guards than those of Hea-
ven before!

Once with his powerful Breath he did repel
The rude Assaults of Hell;
A Ray of his Divinity

Shot forth with that bold Answer, I am he.
They Reel, and Stagger, and Fall to the Ground,
For God was in the Sound.

The

The Voice of God was once again
 Walking in the Garden heard,
 And once again was by the Guilty Hearers fear'd,
 Trembling seiz'd every Joint, and Chills every
 (Vein.
 This little Victory he won,
 Shew'd what he could have done,
 But he to whom as Chief was given,
 The whole Militia of Heaven,
 That Mighty he
 Declines all Guards for his Defence,
 But that of his Inseparable Innocence,
 And quietly gives up his Liberty.
 He's seiz'd on by the Military Bands,
 With Cords they bind his Sacred Hands;
 But Ah how weak! What Nothings would they
 (prove!
 Were he not held by stronger ones of Love?

VI.

Once more my wearied Muse thy Pinions try,
 And reach the top of Calvary.

A steep Ascent! But most to him who bore
The Burthen of a Cross this Way before.
(The Cross ascends, there's something in it sure

That Moral is and Mystical ;
No heights of Fortune are from thee secure,
Afflictions sometimes Climb as well as Fall.)

Here Breathe a while and view
The dolefull'st Picture Sorrow ever drew,
The Lord of Life, Heavens Darling Son,
The Great, th' Almighty One,
With out-stretch'd Arms Nail'd to a cursed Tree,
Crown'd with sharp Thorns, cover'd with Infamy.

He who before
So many Miracles had done,
The Lives of others to restore,
Does with a greater loss his own.
Full Three long Hours he did sustain
Most exquisite and poignant Pain.

So long the sympathizing Sun his light withdrew,
And wondered how the Stars their Dying Lord
(could view

VII.

This strange Defect of Light
Does all the Sages in Astronomy 'ffright
With Fears of an Eternal Night :
Th' Intelligences in their Courses stray,
And Travellers below mistake their Way,
Wondring to be Benighted in the midst of Day :
Each Mind is seiz'd with Horror and Despair,
And more o'erspread with Darkness than the Air.
Fear on, 'tis Wondrous all and new,
'Tis what past Ages never knew ;
Fear on, but yet you'll find
The great Eclipse is still behind ;
The Lustre of the Face Divine
Does on the mighty Sufferer no longer Shine ;
God hides his Glories from his Sight
With a thick Screen made of Hells grossest Night ;
Close wrought it was, and solid all,
Compacted, and substantial,
Impenetrable to th' Beatifick Light ;

Without Complaint he bore
 The Tortures he endur'd before;
 But now no longer able to contain
 Under the great Hyperbole of Pain,
 He Mourns, and with a strong Pathetick Cry,
 Laments the sad Desertion of the Deity.

Here stop, my Muse, stop and admire,
 The Breather of all Life does now expire.
 His milder Father Summons him away,
 His Breath obediently he does resign;
 Angels to Paradiſe his Soul convey,
 And Calm the Relicks of his Grief with Hymns
 (Divine.

*Hymn on Heaven. By an unknown
 Hand.*

I.

Hail Sacred Salem plac'd on High!
 Seat of the mighty King,

What

VVhat Tho't can grasp thy boundless Bliss?

VVhat Tongue thy Glories Sing?

II.

Thy crystal Tow'rs and Palaces

Magnificently rise,

And Dart their beauteous Luster round

The Empirean Skies.

III.

The Voice of Triumph in thy Streets,

And Acclamations, sound:

Gay Banquets in thy splendid Courts,

And Nuptial Joys, abound.

IV.

Bright Smiles on ev'ry Face appear,

Rapture in ev'ry Eye;

From ev'ry Mouth glad Anthems flow,

And charming Harmony.

V.

Illustrious Day for ever there,
Streams from the Face Divine:
No pale-fac'd Moon e'er glimmers forth,
Nor Stars, nor Sun, decline.

VI.

No searching Heats, no piercing Colds,
The changing Seasons bring,
But o'er the Fields mild Breezes there
Breathe an Eternal Spring.

VII.

The Flow'rs with lasting Beauty shine,
And deck the smiling Ground,
While flowing Streams of Pleasure all
The happy Plains surround.

Come,

*Come, my Beloved, let us go forth in-
to the Fields, let us lodge in the
Villages. Cant. 7. 11. D.*

I.

THOU Object of my highest Bliss,
And of my dearest Love,
Come let us from this tiresome World
And all its Cares remove.

II.

Among the murm'ring crystal Streams,
The Groves, and flow'ry Fields,
Let's try the Calm and Silent Joys
That blest Retirement yields.

III.

There, far from all the busie World,
To thee alone I'll Live,

And

And taste more Pleasure in thy Smiles
 Than all things else can give.

IV.

My pure Desires, and holy Vows,
 Shall Centre all in thee,
 While ev'ry Hour to Sacred Love
 Shall consecrated be.

H Y M N. *P*

I.

BEfore the rosie Dawn of Day
 To thee, my God, I'll Sing,
 Awake my soft and tuneful Lyre,
 Awake each charming String.

II.

Awake, and let thy flowing Strain
 Glide through the Midnight Air,

While

While high amid'st her silent Orb
The silver Moon rolls clear.

III.

While all the glittering Starry Lamps
Are lighted in the Sky,
And set their Maker's Greatness forth
To thy admiring Eye.

IV.

While watchful Angels round the Just
As nightly Guardians wait,
In lofty Strains of grateful Praise
Thy Spirit elevate.

V.

Awake my soft and tuneful Lyre,
Awake each charming String,
Before the rosy Dawn of Day
To thee, my God, I'll Sing.

VI.

VI.

Thou round the Heav'nly Arch dost draw
A dark and sable Vail,
And all the Beauties of the World
From mortal Eyes conceal.

VII.

Agon the Sky with golden Beams
Thy skilful Hands adorn,
And Paint with chearful Splendor gay
The fair ascending Morn.

VIII.

And as the gloomy Night returns,
Or smiling Day renews,
Thy constant Goodness still my Soul
With Benefits pursues.

IX.

IX.

For this I'll Midnight Vows to thee

With early Incense bring,

And e'er the rosie Dawn of Day

Thy lofty Praises Sing.

*Paraphrase on John 21. 17. By a
Young Lady.*

YES, thou that knowest all, dost know I love
(thee,

And that I set no Idol up above thee,

To thy unerring Censure I appeal,

And thou that knowest all things sure can'st tell:

I love thee more than Life or Interest;

Nor hast thou any Rival in my Breast:

I love thee so that I could calmly bear

The Mocks of Fools, and bless my happy Ear,

Might I from thee but one kind Whisper hear:

I love

I love thee so that for a Smile of thine,
Might this and all the brighter Worlds be mine
I wou'd not pause, but with a noble Scorn,
At the unequal, slighted, Offer Spurn;
Yes, I to Fools these Trifles can resign,
Nor envy them the World, whilst thou art mine:
I love thee as my Centre, and can find
~~No Point besides to stay my doubtful Mind;~~
Potent and uncontroul'd its Motions were,
Till fix'd in thee its only congruous Sphere:
Urg'd with a Thousand specious Baits I stood,
Displeas'd and Sighing for some distant Good
To calm its genuine Dictates—but betwixt
Them all remain'd Suspended and Unfixt.
I love thee so 'tis more than Death to be
My Life, my Love, my All, depriv'd of thee;
Tis Hell, 'tis Horror, Shades and Darkneſs, then,
Till thou unvail'st thy Heav'nly Face agen:
I love thee so I'd kiss the Dart shou'd free
My flutt'ring Soul, and send her up to thee.

O wou'dst thou break her Chain, with what De-
(light
She'd spread her Wings, and bid the World good
(Night!

Scarce for my bright Conductors wou'd I stay,
But lead thy flaming Ministers the Way,
In their known Passage to Eternal Day.

And yet the Climes of Light wou'd scarce seem
(Fair,
Unless I met my bright Redeemer there,
Unless I there could view his charming Face,
And cope all Heaven in his dear Embrace.

The Wish. By a young Lady.

WOu'd some kind Vision represent to me
How Bright thy Streets, Celestial Salem!
(be,

I'd trace thy shining pearly Paths, and tell
How blest are those that in thy Temple dwell.

How much more Bright than e'er proud *Phæbus*
(shed

Are those vast Rays, th' Eternal Sun, does spread!
F Gou'd

Could I the Fairest of Ten Thousand view,
Wou'd Angels me their Admiration shew,
I'd tell the Virgin's, tell 'em o'er agen,
How Fair he lookt, to the black Sons of Men :
Might I (but Ah, while clogg'd with sinful Flesh,
In Vain I breathe out the impatient Wish)
But have a Glimpse of those Fair Fields above,
Where drest in Beams the shining Saints do move,
More Gay than all the fancy'd Shades of Love :
Where the true Sun of Glory ne'er declines,
But with unclouded Vigour always shines :
Where endless Smiles celestial Faces wear,
No Eye eclips'd with a rebellious Tear,
For Grief is an unheard-of Stranger there.

A Dialogue between the Fallen Angels and a Humane Spirit just entred into the other World. By an unknown Hand. S

Humane Spirit:

Long struggling in the Agonies of Death,
 With Horror I resign'd my mortal Breath;
 With Horror long the Fatal Gulph I view'd,
 And shivering on its utmost Edges stood,
 Till forc'd to take th' inevitable Leap,
 I hurry'd Headlong down the gloomy Steep:
 And here of every Hope bereft, I find
 My self a naked, an unbody'd, Mind,
 My lov'd, my fond, officious, Friends in vain
 My Fleeting Soul endeavour'd to retain;
 In vain its blooming Mansion did invite,
 Grandeur, and Wealth, and Love, and soft De-
 light,

With tempting Calls in vain its Flight would stay,
When forc'd by the severe Decree away.

'Tis past— and all like a thin Vision gone,
For which I have my wretched Soul undone,
And wandering on this dark detested Shore,
My Eyes shall view the upper Light no more.

Fallen Angels.

Then welcome to the Regions of Despair,
Thy Ruin cost us much Design and Care,
And thou hadst 'scap'd but for one happy Snare,
And in the blissful Skies supply'd the Place
Of some fall'n Spirit of our nobler Race ;
Thou cou'dst the Thirst of Wine or Wealth
(controul,
And no malicious Sin has stain'd thy Soul,
But for the Joys of one forbidden Love
Hast lost the boundless Extasies above.

Humane Spirit.

And all was freely, freely all was lost ;
How Dear has one short Dream of Pleasure cost !

But

But yet this Fatal, this Enchanting, Dream
I should perhaps to Heaven it self esteem,
Were it as permanent : But Ah ! 'Tis gone,
And I a Wretch abandon'd and undone ;
Of God, of every smiling Hope, am left,
And all my Dear Delights on Earth bereft,
While here for gilded Roofs, and painted Bowers,
For pleasant Walks, and Beds of fragrant Flowers,
I find polluted Dens, and pitchy Streams,
And burning Paths with Beds of raging Flames ;
Instead of Musicks Sweet inspiring Sound,
Repeated Yells, and endless Groans, go round ;
And for the lovely Faces of my Friends,
I meet the Ghastly Viſſages of Fiends.
A Thousand nameless Terrors are behind,
Despair, Confusion, Fury, seize my Mind :
But will my Griefs no happy Period find ?

Fallen Angels.

Count all the twinkling Glories of the Sky,
Count all the Drops that in the Ocean lye,
Of all the Earthy Globe the Atoms count,
Eternal Years thy Numbers still surmount.

Millions of tedious ling'ring Ages gone,
 Thy Misery, thy Hell, is but begun.
 As fix'd, as permanent, thy Bliss had been,
 But for one Darling, one Beloved, Sin;
 Cold to the Baits of any other Vice
 Beauty alone could thy fond Thoughts entice
 By this, or all our Stratagems had fail'd,
 By this we o'er thy temp'rate Youth prevail'd.
 Poor sottish Soul! Below our Envy now,
 For what a Toy didst thou a Heaven forego!

Humane Spirit.

Oh tell me not from what fair Hopes I fell,
 Just missing Heaven but aggravates my Hell.

Fallen Angels.

Thou know'st not what thou'st lost, but we too
 (well

The Glories of that happy Place can tell.
 There endless Heights of Extasie they prove,
 There's lasting Beauty and Immortal Love;

There

There flowing Pleasures in full Torrents roul,
For Pleasures form'd this Loss must rack thy
(Soul.

Humane Spirit.

With how much cruel Art you aggravate
My Miseries intolerable Weight.

Fallen Angels.

Our Envy once, thou'rt now become our Scorn
In Vain for thee the Son of God was Born;
That mighty Favour, that peculiar Grace,
Too Glorious for the fall'n Angelick Race,
Serves only to exasperate thy Doom,
And give th' infernal Shades a darker Gloom.

Humane Spirit.

Oh that's the wounding Circumstance of all,
To lower Depths of Woe I cannot fall;
Ye curst Tormentors now your Rage is spent,
Your Fury can no further Hell invent;

A Saviour's Title, a Redeemer's Blood,
 Their VVorth till now I little understood.

Hymn. By Mr. Bowden.

I.

From Earth's dull Joys, and senseless Mirth,
 O come my Soul in hast retire,
 Assume the Grandeur of thy Birth,
 And to thy native Heav'n aspire,

II.

Here's Nought [Alas] deserves delay,
 Nought that can bribe thy swift remove,
 No solid Ground thy Hopes to stay,
 Nor worthy Object of thy Love.

III.

It's Mines can ne'er thy Treas'ry fill,
 Nor Fountains cool thy scorching Rage,

Its scanty Feasts thy Hunger kill,
Nor all its Seas thy Thirst assuage.

IV.

'Tis Heav'n alone can make thee blest,
Can ev'ry Wish and Want supply,
Thy Joy, thy Crown, thy endless Rest,
Are all above the lofty Sky.

V.

There purest Streams of Pleasure flow,
There Wisdom's Sacred Springs arise,
There, there, the Tree of Life does grow,
Which flourish'd once in Paradise.

VI.

O there immortal Glories stray,
Immortal Songs of Praise resound,
Immortal Robes the Saints array,
And with immortal Youth they're crown'd.

VII.

VII.

There dwells the Sovereign Lord of all,
The God that num'rous World's adore,
With whom is Bliss that ne'er does pall,
And Joys which last for evermore.

VIII.

No longer then delay thy Flight,
But mount, O mount, with eager Wing!
The joyful Stars thy Way will light,
The joyful Angels round thee sing.

Another.

I.

TO thee, Dear God, with eager Haste
My panting Soul does move ;
To thee the Fountain of my Life,
And Object of my Love.

II.

Long have I rang'd the Maze of Sin,
Long spent my self in vain,
Too long been fond of false Delights,
And sported with my Chain.

III.

Ye Dreams and Shadows now farewell,
Farewel each gilded Toy,
A nobler Prospect cheers my Sight,
I taste a nobler Joy.

IV.

Welcome dear Virtue to my Soul,
How Sweet thy Practice is !
Ten Thousand Pleasures croud thy VVay,
Thy End's Eternal Blifs.

V.

Thy Sacred Paths I'll swiftly run,
And climb from Grace to Grace,

Till

Till on blest Zion's lofty Mount

I view my Saviour's Face.

VI.

This, Lord, my Solemn Purpose is,

O may thy Aid conspire,

To crown my Labour with Success,

And fill my vast Desire.

*The Second Psalm Paraphras'd. By
Sir Richard Blackmore,*

WHat means this mighty Uproar ? VVhence
(arise

This great Commotion, these tumultuous Cries ?

VVhat has alarm'd the Nations ? What Offence

Does all the Jealous States around incense ?

VVhat does the Heathen Fire with so much Rage ?

What Jacob's Sons in such Designs engage

As they can ne'er effect ? Or if they do,

They'll miss the End they furiously pursue.

Infra-

Infatuated Men ! you'll sure repent
Your rash Attempts, too late the sad Event
Will shew your Projects vain, your Malice im-
(potent.

Confed'rate Princes wicked Friendship make,
And in their Anger desp'rate Counsels take
Against their great Creator and his Son,
And hope the Lord's Anointed to dethrone.
Let us, say they, assert our Liberty,
And keep our Kingdoms from Oppression Free,
We'll ne'er agree to vindicate the Cause
Of this new King, nor e'er obey his Laws.
Th' Almighty sets his Fav'rite up in vain,
We'll ne'er consent to this Usurper's Reign.
We his proud Yoak will never tamely bear,
But will his servile Chains asunder tear.

But the Great God, who sits enthron'd on high
Above the Starry Convex of the Sky,
Insultingly will mock their foolish Pride,
Laugh at their Threats, and their vain Plots de-
(ride.

In

Vast Pow'r I give him, but I give him none
But what is mixt with Mercy like my own.
No other Pow'r but what is understood
To be intended for his Subjects Good.
His just and gentle Conduct shall confess
He seeks his Glory in their Happiness.

I to the VWorld will publish my Decree
That raises him to Regal Dignity.
Thus said the Lord,— let it this Day be known }
Thou art my Begotten only Son, }
Thy high Descent let all the Nations own.
Thou art entitul'd by thy Royal Birth
To all the Realms and Nations of the Earth ;
Make thy Demand, and by my Grant Divine
The Pagan States and Kingdoms shall be thine.
I'll subject all the spacious Tracts of Land
From Pole to Pole to thy supream Command.
Thou shalt of all the Regions be posselt,
From the Sun's rising to the adverse West.
Only the Limits which the World surround
Thy universal Monarchy shall bound.

Arm'd

Arm'd with a Rod of Iron thou shalt reign
O'er proud Oppressors, and their Rage restrain.

Thou shalt in Pieces dash like Potters Clay

Thy stubborn Foes who insolently say,

We'll ne'er his Title own, nor his Commands o-
(bey)

Ye foolish Kings and Potentates be Wise,

And be instructed where your Safety lyes.

The Son of God with Acclamations meet;

And Prostrate lye adoring at his Feet.

Bow down your Necks to take his gentle Yoak,

Lest your Neglect his Fury shou'd provoke.

If you refuse this Monarch to obey,

Be sure you'll perish in your wicked Way.

For if his Wrath so dreadful does appear,

When scarcely kindled, what have you to fear,

Who by your desp'rate Provocations raise

The Spark to Flames, and make his Fury blaze?

No longer your Subjection then delay,

The safe and happy Men are only they

Who as their Refuge and secure Defence

Repose in him their Trust and Confidence:

The

*The CXLVIII. Psalm Paraphras'd.
By the same Hand.*

YE Bright Immortal Colonies,
That People all the Regions of the
(Skies
That in your blissful Seats above
Inhabit Glory, dwell in Light and Love ;
Ye mighty Gen'als, who command
Th' Almighty's Host, ye Ministers that stand
In his blest Presence to receive
What Orders he is pleas'd to give ;
Ye Guards and Household Servants who resort
To pay Attendance at his Court ;
Ye Saints and Seraphs who astonish'd see
His Greatness, and Essential Majesty ;
Tune your Celestial Harps, and sing
The Triumphs of th' Eternal King ;

All ye his Heav'nly Hosts applaud
 In long-continu'd Shouts your Wonder-working
 (God;

Ye Sun, and Moon, and Stars, that grace the
 (Night,

Praise him the unexhausted Spring of Light,

Whence your dependant Influence streams,

Whence you derive your delegated Beams;

Exalt his Name, and spread his Praise,

As far as you diffuse your Rays.

Let all the glorious Worlds above agree

In this Celestial Harmony ;

And in the dancing, ecchoing, Spheres around

Reverberate the Joy, and propagate the Sound.

Ye thin transparent Regions of the Air,

And all ye flying Nations there,

With one melodious Voice th' Eternal's Praise
 (declare.)

Let Tempests with their stormy Noise,

And thunder with its roaring Voice,

(Gods own Artillery) proclaim

Thro' all the listning World th' Eternal's Fame,

From ev'ry Quarter all ye Winds arise,

On whose swift Wings th' Almighty flies,

When he his Progress makes into th' inferior Skies.

Blow all your Blasts, and all your Breath em-
(ploy

In loud Applauses, and in Songs of Joy.

Ye Vapours that by God's Command arise,

To fill Heav'ns Magazines with fresh Supplies,

And for the Meteors new Materials bring,

As you ascend th' Eternal's Praises Sing.

Ye Clouds that by pursuing Winds are driv'n,

Pour with your Rain your Praises forth,

Let these ascend as High as Heav'n,

While that descends to bless the Earth.

Praise the Divine Artificer

Ye Lightnings, which his Hands prepare,

And all ye curious Fire-works of the Air.

Praise him ye other Meteors of the Sky,
Ye Hailstones, Milts, and woolly Snow,
The Manufactures which he works on high
For Nature's Service here below.

Let Nature's mighty Sov'raign Lord,
Be by the Deep and all the Floods ador'd.

In Consort let the Billows roar,
And make his Praise rebound from Shoar to Shoar.

The scaly People let them dance ;
Before'em let their Lords, the mighty Whales,
(advance.

And High amidst the Air on this great Day
Let all the Water-works from their vast Nostrils
(play.

And while the Deep, the Air, and Sky,
Vocal become th' Almighty's Name to raise,

Let not the Earth stand Silent by,
But join to celebrate his Praise.

Ye Dragons, Wolves, and all ye Savage Kind,
On echoing Hills in Consort join'd,

To him your Adoration pay,
Whose Bounty in the Defart finds you prey;
Do you your Gratitude exprefs,
And make his Praifes ring thro' all the VVilder-
(nefs.

Ye Pines and Cedars tune your felves to play
Th' Almighty's Praifes on this Solemn Day;
And fmg ye Mountains, Hill, and Floods,
To th' Instrumental Mufick of the Woods.

Ye Kings, the King of Kings adore,
And at his Feet your borrow'd Scepters lay,
Applaud the Spring of all Imperial Pow'r,
You're here but Subjects, and fhould Homage pay.
Let Songs of Praise the Gratitude attelt
Of Aged Men, long by his Favours blelt;
Let rapt'rous Zeal young Men and Maids in-
(flame,
To celebrate their Maker's Fame;
Let lifping Infants at his Praifes aim;
Let all th' Eternal's Works confpire
To execute this blelt Design,

To praise him let them all combine,
And make the World one Universal Quire.

*A Description of Hell, in Imitation
of Mr. Milton. By an unknown
Hand.*

DEep, to unfathomable Spaces deep,
Descend the dark, detested, Paths of Hell,
The Gulphs of Execration and Despair,
Of Pain, and Rage, and pure unmingled Woe ;
The Realms of endless Death, and Seats of Night,
Uninterrupted Night, which sees no Dawn,
Prodigious Darkness ! Which receives no Light
But from the sickly Blaze of Sulph'rous Flames,
That cast a Pale and Dead Reflection round,
Disclosing all the desolate Abyfs,
Dreadful beyond what humane Tho't can form,
Bounded with circling Seas of liquid Fire.
Aloft the blazing Billows curl their Heads,
And form a Roar along the direful Strand,

While

While ruddy Cat'racls from on high descend
And urge the fiery Ocean's stormy Rage.
Impending Horrors o'er the Region frown,
And weighty Ruin threatens from on high;
Inevitable Snares, and fatal Pits,
Gulphs of deep Perdition wait below;
Whence issue long, remediless, Complaints,
With endless Groans, and everlasting Yells,
Legions of ghastly Fiends, (prodigious Sight!)
Fly all confus'd across the sickly Air,
And roaring horrid shake the vast Extent.
Pale meager Spectres wander all around,
And pensive Shades, and black deformed Ghosts.
With impious Fury some aloud Blaspheme,
And wildly staring upwards Curse the Skies,
While some, with gloomy Terror in their Looks,
Trembling all over, downward cast their Eyes,
And tell in hollow Groans their deep Despair.

Convinc'd by Fatal Proofs, the Atheist here
Yields to the sharp tormenting Evidence,

And of an infinite Eternal Mind,
At last the challeng'd Demonstration meets.

The Libertine his Folly here laments,
His blind Extravagance, that made him sell
Unfading Bliss, and everlasting Crowns,
Immortal Transports, and Celestial Feasts,
For the short Pleasure of a sordid Sin,
For one fleet Moment's despicable Joy.
Too late, all lost, for ever lost, he sees
The envy'd Saints triumphing from afar,
And Angels basking in the Smiles of God.
But Oh! That all was for a Trifle lost
Gives to his bleeding Soul perpetual Wounds.

The wanton Beauty, whose bewitching Arts
Has drawn Ten Thousand wretched Souls to Hell,
Depriv'd of ev'ry Blandishment and Charm,
All black, and horrid, seeks the Darkest Shades
To shun the Fury of revengeful Ghosts,
That with vindictive Curses still pursue

The Author of their miserable Fate,
Who from the Paths of Life seduc'd their Souls,
And led them down to these accurst Abodes.

The Fool that sold his Heav'n for gilded Clay,
The Scorn of all the Damn'd, ev'n here laments
His sordid Heaps; which still to purchase, he
A second Time wou'd forfeit all above:
Nor covets Fields of Light, nor Starry Wreaths,
Nor Angels Songs, nor pure unmingled Bliss,
But for his darling Treasures still repines;
Which from afar, to aggravate his Doom,
He sees some thoughtless Prodigal consume.

Beyond them all a miserable Hell
The execrable Persecutor finds,
No Spirit howls among the Shades below
More Damn'd, more Fierce, nor more a Friend
(than he
Aloud he Heav'n and Holiness blasphemes,
While all his Enmity to Good appears,
His Enmity to Good; once falsely call'd
Religious Warmth, and Charitable Zeal.

On

On high, beyond th' unpassable Abyſs,
 To aggravate his Righteous Doom, he views
 The bliſſful Realms, and there the Schiſmatic,
 The Viſionary, the deluded Saint,
 By him ſo often hated, wrong'd and ſcorn'd,
 So often curs'd and damn'd, and baniſh'd thence,
 He ſees him there poſſeſt of all that Heav'n,
 Thoſe Glories, thoſe Immortal Joys, which he,
 The Orthodox, unerring Catholic,
 The mighty Fav'rite, and Elect of God,
 With all his miſchievous, converting, Arts,
 His killing Charity, and burning Zeal,
 His pompous Creeds, and boaste'd Faith, has loſt.

*On Heaven. By an unknown
 Hand. P*

WHat glorious things of thee, O glorious
 (Place!
 Shall my bold Muſe in daring Numbers ſpeak?
 While to Immortal Strains I tune my Lyre,
 And

And warbling imitate Angelick Airs :
While extasie bears up my Soul aloft,
And lively Faith gives me a distant Glimpse
Of Glories unreveal'd to humane Eyes.

Ye starry Mansions hail : My native Skies :
Here in my Happy Pre-existent State
(A spotless Mind) I led the Life of Gods.
But passing, I salute you, and advance
To yonder brighter Realms allow'd Access.

Hail splendid City of th' Almighty King !
Celestial *Salem* Scituate above ;
Magnificent thy Prospect, and August,
Thy Walls Sublime, thy Tow'rs and Palaces
Illustrious far, with orient Gems appear.
There Regent Angels Crown'd with Stars com-
(mand,
High in the midst, the awful Throne of God
Ascends the utmost Empirean Arch.
The Heav'n of Heavens, were inconceivless
(Light,
Such

Such as Infinity alone can prove,
H' enjoys th' extreamest Bounds of Happiness,
And was in perfect Blessedness the same
E'er any thing existed but himself;
E'er Time, or Place, or Motion, had a Name;
Before the Spheres begun their tuneful Round;
Or through the Air the Sun had spread his
(Beams;
E'er at his Feet the flaming Seraphs bow'd,
And cast their shining Crowns before his Throne;
E'er smiling Angels tun'd their golden Harps,
Or Sung one Hallelujah to his Praise,
But mighty Love which mov'd him to create,
Still moves him to communicate his Bliss.

O speak you happy Spirits that surround
His dazling Throne, for you alone can tell,
For you alone those Raptures can describe,
And stem th' impetuous Floods of Joy that rise
Within your Breasts, when all unvail'd you View
The Wonders of the Beatifick Sight:

When

When from the bright unclouded Face of God
You drink full Draughts of Bliss and endless
(Love,
And plunge your selves in Life's Immortal Fount;
The Spring of Joy which from his darling
Throne
In endless Currents smoothly glides away,
Thro' all the verdant Fields of Paradise,
Thro' balmy Groves, where on their flow'ry
(Banks,
To murmur'ing VVaters, and soft whisp'ring
(VVinds,
Fair Spirits in melodious Consort join,
And sweetly warble their Heroick Loves:
For Love makes half their Heaven, and kindles
(here
New Flames and ardent Life in ev'ry Breast;
VWhile active Pleasure lightens in their Eyes,
And sparkling Beauty shines on every Face:
Their spotless Minds, all pure and exquisite,
The noblest Heights of Love prepar'd to Ad,
In everlasting Sympathies unite,
And melt in flowing Joys Eternity away.

To these bleſt Shades, and Amaranthine Bow'rs,
 VVhen dazled with th' unſufferable Beams
 That iſſue from the open Face of God,
 For Umbrage many a Seraphim reſorts:
 Nor longer here o'er their bright Faces claſp
 Their gorgeous VVings, which open'd wide diſ-
 (play
 More Radiance than adorns the chearful Sun,
 VVhen firſt he from the roſie Eaſt looks out:
 Gentle as Love, their Looks, ſerene as Light,
 Blooming and Gay as everlaſting Springs.

But Oh! VVhen in the lofty bliſſful Bow'rs,
 VVith Heav'nly Skill, to the harmonious Lyre,
 The clear, the ſweet, the melting, Voice they
 (join,
 The Vales of Heav'n rejoice, and ecchoing loud,
 Redouble ev'ry charming Cloſe agen,
 VVhile trembling VVinds upon their fragrant
 VVings
 Bear far the ſoft melodious Sounds away,
 The ſilver Streams their winding Journeys ſtay,
 Suspend

Suspend their Murmurs, and attend the Song ;
The laughing Fields new Flow'rs and Verdure
(wear,
And all the Trees of Life bloom out afresh.
The num'rous Suns which gild the Realms of Joy
Dance in their lightsome Spheres, and brighter
(Day,
Thro' all th' interminable Æther Dart,
While to the great unutterable Name
All Glory they ascribe in lofty Strains,
In Strains expresse by a Mortal Tongue,
O happy Regions! O transporting Place!
With what Regret I turn my loathing Eyes
To yonder Earthly Globe, my dusky Seat ;
But, Ah, I must return, no more allow'd
To breathe the calm, the soft, celestial, Air,
And view the mystick Wonders of the Skies.

Part of the Third Chapter of Habakkuk Paraphras'd. By a Young Lady. P

I.

WHEN God from *Teman* came,
And Cloath'd in Glory from Mount *Paran* shone,
Drest in th' unsufferable Flame
That hides his dazling Throne,
His Glory soon eclyps'd the once bright *Titan's*
(Rays,
And fill'd the trembling World with Terror and
(Amaze;
Resplendent Beams did Crown his awful Head,
And shining Brightness all around him spread;
Omnipotence he graspt in his strong Hand,
And listning Death stood waiting on his dread
(Command:
Waiting 'till his resistless Dart he'd throw;
Devou'ring Coals beneath his Feet did glow:

All

All Nature's Frame did quake beneath his Feet,
 And with his Hand he the vast Globe did mete;
 The frightened Nations scattered ;
 And at his Sight the bashful Mountains fled ;
 The everlasting Hills their Founder's Voice
 (obey,
 And stoop their lofty Heads to make th' Eternal
 (Way.

The distant *Ethiops* all Confusion are,
 And *Midians* trembling Curtains cannot hide their,
 (Fear:
 When thy swift Chariots pass'd the yielding Sea,
 Thy blushing Waves back in Amazement flee ;
 Affrighted *Jordan* stops his flowing Urn,
 And bids his forward Streams back to their Foun-
 (tain turn.

II.

Arm'd with thy mighty Bow,
 Thou march'd'st out against thy daring Foe:
 And very terrible thou didst appear
 To them, but thus thy darling People hear :

" Know, *Jacob's* Sons, I am the God of Truth,

" Your Father *Jacob's* God, nor can I break my
Oath :

The Mountains shook as our dread Lord ad-
(vanc'd,

And all the little Hills around them danc'd :

The neighb'ring Streams their verdent Banks
(o'erflow,

The Waters saw and trembled at the Sight,

Back to their old Abyss they go,

And bear the News to everlasting Night :

The Mother Deep within her hollow Caverns
(roars,

And beats the silent Shores ;

The Sun above no longer dares to strive,

Nor will his frightened Steeds their wonted Journey
(drive.

The Moon to see her Brother stop his Carr

Grew pale and curb, her sable Reins for Fear ;

Thy threatning Arrows gild their flaming Way,

And at the glitt'ring of thy Spear the Heathen dares
(not stay.

Thy very Sight does them subdue,

And Arm'd with Fury thou the Vict'ry dost pursue

Sera-

*Seraphick Love. By an unknown
Hand. P*

I.

THOU Beauty's vast Abyſs, Abſtract of all
My Tho'ts can lovely, great, or Splen-
(did, call;
To thee in Heav'nly Flames, and pure Deſires,
My raviſh'd Soul impatiently aſpires.

II.

With Admiration, Praise, and endless Love,
Thou fill'ſt the wide reſplendent Worlds above,
And none can Rival, or with thee Compare,
Of all the bright Intelligences there.

III.

What Vapours then, what ſhortliv'd Glories be,
The Faireſt Idols of our Sence to thee?

Before the streaming Splendor of thine Eye
The languid Beauties fall away and die.

IV.

Farewel then all you flat Delights of Sense,
I'm charm'd with a Sublimer Excellence,
To whom all mortal Beauty's but a Ray,
A scatter'd Drop of his o'erflowing Day.

V.

How strongly thou my panting Heart dost move
With all the Holy Extasies of Love!
In these sweet Flames let me expire, and see
Unveil'd the Brightness of thy Deity.

VI.

Oh let me Die, for there's no Earthly Bliss
My Tho'ts can ever relish after this;
No, dearest Lord, there's nothing here below,
Without thy Smiles, to please, or satisfy, me now.

The

*The Translation of Elijah. By an
unknown Hand.*

HIS Lecture to the sad Young Prophets done,
And last Adieus, the Reverend Seer goes on,
Obedient as the Sacred Instinct guides,
And now advanc'd to *Jordan's* verdent sides ;
Elijah with his great Successor stood,
And gave a Signal to the passing Flood ;
Th' obsequious Waters stay, for well they know
What to his high Authority they owe,
While VVave on VVave with silent Awe crowds
(back,
To leave a clean, and spacious, sandy, Track.
Elijah on with his Companion goes,
Behind 'em soon the Crystal Ridges close,
No more revers'd, the troubled Current flows.
Then forward still they went, discoursing High
Of Heavenly Bliss and Immortality,

When from a Cloud breaks, (like the Purple
(Dawn)

By Fiery Steeds a Fiery Chariot drawn!

A glittering Convoy swift as that descends,

And in an Instant parts th' embracing Friends ;

To the bright Carr conduct the Man of God,

And Mount agen the steep Ætherial Road.

The passing Triumph lightens all the Air

VVith ruddy Luster than high Noon more Fair,

And Paints the Clouds than Evening Beams more
(Gay,

Thro' which with wondrous Speed they cut their
(Way.

Now lofty Piles of Thunder, Hail, and Snow,

Th' Artillery of Heaven, they have below ;

Below the glimm'ring Moon's pale Regency

They leave, and now more free ascend the Sky,

Breathing agen Immortal Air, nor here

Resent the pressure of the Atmosphere.

By Holy Extasies and Flames intense,

Here Purg'd from all the Dregs of Mortal Sense,

With Heavenly Lustre eminently Gay

Elijah wondring does himself Survey ;

All o'er Surveys himself, and then the Skies,
While new stupendious Objects meet his Eyes.
With his new Being pleas'd thus, the first Man
As just to Live, and Reason he began
On Hills, and Valleys, Groves and Fountains,
(Gaz'd,
With Skies and Light thus Ravish'd, thus
(Amaz'd:
But now the utmost Firmament they cleave,
And all the Starry VVorlds behind them leave.
Hark, Angels Sing! Of Light appear new Streaks!
Celestial Day with gawdy Splendour breaks!
On Heav'ns Rich Solid Azure now they tread
The blissful Paths that to God's Presence led,
VVhile to the new Inhabitant all the Way
Loud welcomes on their Harps his Guardians Play,
A Thousand joyful Spirits crowd to meet:
The glorious Saint, and his Arrival great.

Paraphrase on the 29th Psalm.

YE mighty Princes, and ye Gods of Earth !
 Who Great by Merit as you're Great by
 (Birth,
 With Look Imperial strike a trembling Awe
 In prostrate Slaves, to whom your Words are
 (Law!
 Confess the Lord, the mighty Lord, to be
 In Pow'r unrivall'd as in Majesty.
 The Honours you receive repay to him
 With double Rev'rence, as he's God Supream.
 Visit the Temple blest by his Abode,
 But see the Glory, and you'll own the God ;
 'Twill warm your Breasts with true Devoti-
 (on's Fire,
 And wondrous Tho'ts with wondrous Words
 inspire,
 And join your Praises to the Solemn Quire.
 The yielding Clouds obey his pow'rful Voice,
 And Earth and Ocean tremble at the Noise.

Through

Through the wide Heav'ns his rowling Thunders
(sound,

With what Majestick Dread and Horror crown'd!

Nor Depth, nor stately Bulk, the Trees defend,

At his Approach the shady Forests bend:

Not *Libanus* his ancient Pride can boast,

His Honour's now in rude disorder lost,

The shatter'd Branches from the Trunk are tost.

Nor sunder'd long, an equal Fate they share,

Branches and Trees are whirl'd aloft in Air,

Nor does the furious Shock the jealous Moun-
(tains spare.

His forked Lightnings cut their shining Way,

And with brisk Flashes thro' the Clouds they play.

To vast wild threatning Desarts too afar,

With rapid Speed he sends the stormy War;

The stormy War whole Desarts overthrows,

Pleas'd with the hideous Ruin on it goes,

Till horrid *Kadish* still more horrid shews.

The helpless Hinds, thro' Terror and Surprise,

Their doubtful lab'ring Weight discharge with
(Ease.

Bold

Bold Ravagers their wily Coverts bare,
 Search their known Dens, and shake with consci-
 (ous Fear ;
 But Pious Worshippers his Temple seek,
 And there securely of his Glory speak ;
 'Tis God, say they, 'tis God sets King above,
 Him can the Mighty from his Throne remove !
 'Tis he protects us from our bloody Foes,
 Thunder and Lightning are at his Dispose ;
 He'll be our Strength, and to compleat the
 (Bliss,
 Will grant the Blessings of a lasting Peace.

*A Dialogue between the Soul, Riches,
 Fame, and Pleasure. By an un-
 known Hand.*

Riches.

DEluded Mortal, turn and view my Store,
 While all my glitt'ring Treasures I explore.
 The Gold of both the *Indian* Worlds is mine,
 And Gems that in the Eastern Quarries shine.

For

For me advent'rous Men attempt the Main;
And all the Fury of its VVaves susta;
For me all Toils and Hazards they disdain.
For me their Country's sold, their Faith betray'd;
The Voice of Interest ne'er was disobey'd.

Soul.

Yet I thy tempting Offers can despise,
Nor lose a VVish on such a worthless Prize.
VVhen yonder sparkling Stars attract my Sight,
Thy Gold, thy boasted Gems, lose all their Light,
My daring Thoughts above these Trifles rise,
And aim at glorious Kingdoms in the Skies.
I there expect Celestial Diadems,
Outshining all thy counterfeited Gems.

Fame.

'Tis nothing strange that thy ambitious Mind
In sordid VVealth should no Temptation find.
But I have Terms which thy Acceptance claim,
Heroick Glory, and a mighty Name!

To these the greatest Souls on Earth aspire,
Souls, most endued with the Celestial Fire ;
Whom neither Wealth nor Beauty can inflame,
These hazard all for an Illustrious Name.

Soul.

And yet thou art a meer Fantastick Thing,
 VVhich can no solid Satisfaction bring.
 Should I in costly Monuments survive,
 And after Death in Mens Applauses live,
 VVhat Profit were their vain Applause to me,
 If doom'd below to endless Infamy ?
 Sunk in Reproach, and everlasting Shame,
 VVith God, and Angels, where's my promis'd
 (Fame ?
 But if their Approbation I obtain,
 And deathless Wreaths, and heavenly Glories,
 (gain,
 I may the World's false Pageantry disdain.

Pleasure.

But where the Baits of Wealth and Honour
(fail,
Th' enchanting Voice of Pleasure may prevail.
The Lewd and Virtuous both my Vassals prove ;
No Breast so guarded but my Charms 'can move.
All that delights Mankind attends on me,
Beauty, and Youth and Love, and Harmony.
I wing the smiling Hours, and gild the Day,
My Paths are smooth, and flow'ry all my Way.

Soul.

But Ah, these Paths to black Perdition tend,
There soon thy soft, deluding, Visions end.
Those smooth, those flow'ry, Ways lead down to
(Hell,
Where all thy Slaves in endless Night must dwell.
The Road of Virtue far more rugged is,
But O ! it leads to Everlasting Bliss.
And all beyond the thorny Passage lyes
The Realm of Light discover'd to mine Eyes.

Gay Bowers, and Streams of Joy, and lightsome
 (Fields,
 With happy Shades, the beauteous Prospect yields;
 Those blissful Regions I shall shortly gain,
 Where Peace, and Love, and endless Pleasures,
 (reign.

*The 38th Chapter of Job Translated.
 By Mrs. Singer.*

IN Thunder now the God his Silence broke,
 And from a Cloud this lofty Language spoke.

Who, and where art thou, fond, presumptuous;
 (Man,
 That by thy own weak Measures mine woud'st
 (scan?
 Undaunted as an equal Match for me,
 Stand forth, and answer my Demands to thee.

And first let thy Original be trac'd,
 And tell me then what mighty Thing thou wast?
 When

When to the World my potent Word gave Birth,
And fixt the Centre of the floating Earth ?
Didst thou assist with one designing Thought,
Or my Idea's rectifie in ought,
When from Confusion I this Order brought ?
When like an Artist I the Line stretch'd out,
And markt its wide Circumference about,
Didst thou contribute, *Job*, thy needful Aid
When I the Deep, and strong Foundations, laid,
And with my Hand the rising Pillars stay'd ?
When from the perfect Model of my Mind
The vast and stately Fabrick was design'd,
So wondrous, so compleat, in ev'ry Part,
Adorn'd with such Variety of Art,
The Sons of Light the goodly Frame survey,
As their own Seats, Magnificent and Gay.
Around the shining Verge of Heav'n they crowd,
And from the Crystal Confines shout aloud.
For Joy the Morning Stars together sang
And Heav'n all o'er with glad Preludiums rang.

Were

Were the tumultuous Floods by thee con-
 (troul'd,
 When without Bounds the foaming Billows roul'd?
 Didst thou appoint 'em then their oozy Bed,
 And humid Clouds o'er all their Surface spread?
 Affixing Limits to th' imperious Deep,
 The Limits it perpetually shall keep,
 Tho' mounting high the angry Surges roar,
 And dash themselves with Rage against the Shore.

When did'st thou summon up the ling'ring
 (Day,
 And haste the lovely blushing Morn away?
 Swift as my flaming Messengers above
 Its gaudy Wings of my Direction move.

Hast thou survey'd the Ocean's dark Abodes,
 The steep Descents, the Vaults and craggy Roads,
 Thro' which hollow Rumour rush the nether
 (Floods
 Or hast thou measur'd the prodigious Store
 Of Waves that in those ghastly Caverns roar?
 Or

Dost thou the Clouds amidst the Air sustain,
And melt the floating Rivers down in Rain ?
When overcharg'd, the yielding Atmosphere
No longer now the watry Load can bear ;
On gloomy Wings the sounding Tempest flies,
And heavy Thunders roul along the Skies ;
Around the airy Vault fierce Lightnings play,
And burn themselves thro' solid Clouds away.
With Water who the Wilderness supplies ?
And tell me whence the Midnight Dews arise ?
Or from what cold and petrifying Womb
The Ice and nipping hoary Frost does come ?
What secret Pow'r its fluid Parts cement,
Congeal, and harden, the soft Element ?
All stiff and motionless the frozen Deep,
No curling VVinds its shining Surface sweep.

Canst thou the chearing Influences stay
Of those mild Stars which deck the Spring so Gay ?

Or loose the sullen Planets Icy Bands,
Which Frosts, and rough Tempestuous VVinds,
(commands ?

Canst thou bring out Fair *Maz'roth's* sultry Beam?
Or guide thro' Heav'ns Blue Tracks the Starry
(Team?

Do all the shining, vast Machines above
By thy Contrivance in such Order move ?

If so— Still thy Divinity to prove,
Set open now the Flood-gates of the Sky,

And call a mighty Deluge from on high,
Kindle prodigious Light'nings, and command

The burning Flashes with a daring Hand,

I'll then confess thou hast an Arm like me,
And that thy own Right Hand can succour thee.

H Y M N.

*Whom have I in Heaven but thee,
&c. Psal. 73. 25. By an un-
known Hand.* *N*

I.

TH E Calls of Glory, Beauties Smiles,
And Charms of Harmony,
Are all but dull insipid Things,
Compar'd, my God, with thee.

II.

VWithout thy Love I nothing crave,
And nothing can enjoy,
The preferr'd **V**World I shou'd neglect
As an unenvied Toy.

III.

The Sun, the num'rous Stars, and all
The **V**Vonders of the Skies,

If to be purchas'd with thy Smiles
Thou know'st I wou'd despise.

IV.

What were the Earth, the Sun, the Stars,
Or Heav'n it self, to me,
My Life, my everlasting Bliss,
If not secur'd of thee.

V.

Celestial Bow'rs, Seraphick Songs,
And Fields of endless Light,
Vou'd all unentertaining prove
Without thy Blissful Sight.

By an unknown Hand. P

I Come, I come, and joyfully obey
The Fatal Voice that summons me away :
With Pleasure I resign this mortal Breath,
And fall a willing Sacrifice to Death.

O welcome Stroke that gives me Liberty !
 Welcome ! as to the Slave a Jubilee.
 Of thee vain World I take my last Adieu,
 The promis'd Land is now within my View ;
 The Clouds dispel, the stormy Danger's past
 And I attain the peaceful Shores at last.
 My Hopes dear Objects now are all in Sight,
 The Lands of Love, and unexhausted Light,
 The flowing Streams of Joy, and endless Bliss
 The shining Plains, and Walks of Paradise,
 The Trees of Life, Immortal Fruits and Flowers,
 The tall celestial Groves, and charming Bowers,
 I breathe the balmy Empirean Air,
 The Songs of Angels, and their Harps, I hear,
 And scarce the fierce tyrannick Joy can bear.

H Y M N.

I.

Immortal Fountain of my Life,
 My last, my noblest, End,

Eternal

Eternal Centre of my Soul,
Where all its Motions tend.

II.

Thou Object of my dearest Love,
My Heav'nly Paradise,
The Spring of all my flowing Joys,
My everlasting Bliss.

III.

My God, my Hope, my vast Reward,
And all I wou'd possess,
Still more than these pathetick Names
And charming Wordsexpress!

*Tho'ts on Death. By a Young
Lady.*

I.

IM almost to the Fatal Period come,
My forward Glas has well nigh run its last;
I 4 E'er

E'er a few Moments I must hear the Doom,
Which ne'er will be recall'd when once 'tis past.

II.

Methinks I have Eternity in View,
And dread to reach the Edges of the Shore,
Nor doth the Prospect the less dismal shew
For all the Thousands that have launch'd before.

III.

Why weep, my Friends? What is their Loss to
(mine?)
I have but one poor doubtful Stake to throw,
And with a dying Pray'r my Hopes resign,
If that be lost, I'm lost for ever too.

IV.

'Tis not the painful Agonies of Death,
Nor all the gloomy Horrors of the Grave;
Were that the worst, unmov'd I'd yield my Breath,
And with a Smile the King of Terrors brave.

V.

V.

But there's an After-day, 'tis that I fear :
Oh, who shall hide me from that angry Brow ?
Already I the dreadful Accents hear,
Depart from me, and that for ever too.

*Paraphrase on Cant. VII. 11. By
the same Hand.* *∫*

I.

Come thou most charming Object of my
(Love,
What's all this dull Society to us ?
Let's to the peaceful Shades and Springs remove,
I'm here uneasy, tho' I linger thus.

II.

What are the Trifles that I leave behind ?
I've more than all the valu'd World in thee,
Where all my Joys and Wishes are confin'd,
Thou'rt Day, and Life, and Heav'n it self, to me.

III.

III.

Come, my Beloved then, let us repair
 To those blest Seats where we'll our Flames im-
 (prove,
 Oh, with what Heat shall I caress thee there!
 And in sweet Transports give up all my Love.

*Paraphrase on Micah VI. 6, 7. By
 the same Hand. D*

I.

WHerewith shall I approach this awful
 (Lord?

What shall I bring?

What Sacrifice

Will not so great a Deity despise?

Tell me you lofty Spirits that fall down,

The nearest to his Throne,

O tell me how,

Or wherewithal shall I before my own and

(your dread Maker bow?

III

Will

Will *Carmel's* verdant Top afford

No equal Offering?

Ten Thousand Rams? A bounteous Present
('tis,

When all the Flocks upon a Thousand spacious
(Hills are his,

Will Streams of Fragrant Oil his Wrath controul?

Or the more precious Flood

Of my dear First-born's Blood,

Compound for all my Debts, and make a full A-
(tonement for my Soul?

II.

If not, Great God, what then dost thou require?

Or what wilt thou design to accept from me?

All that my own thou giv'st me leave to call

I willingly agen resign to thee.

My Youth, with all its blooming Heat,

My Muse, and ev'ry raptur'd Tho't, to thee I de-
(dicatē.

('Tis fit the Product of that Sacred Fire
Shou'd to its own Celestial Orb retire)

And

And all my darling Vanities

For thee I'll sacrifice,

My fav'rite Vice and all,

Among the rest promiscuously shall fall ;

No more the fond Beloved Sin I'll spare,

Than the great Patriarch wou'd have done his
(Heir.

And this, Great God, altho' a worthless Prize,
Is a sincere, intire, and early, Sacrifice.

Dialogue between a good Spirit newly parted from the Body, and the Angels that came to conduct him to Glory. By Mr. Bowden.

Spirit.

— **A**T length the dismal Strife is past,
The cruel Bond dissolv'd that held
(me back so fast.

I felt when first the curdling Blood grew cold,
And rapid Wheels of Life no longer rould ;

With

With Joy I felt all this, with Joy resign'd
My vital Breath, and left the Flesh behind:
Long, long I struggled with my mortal Chain,
Long bore the double Load of Sin and Pain;
Long sigh'd and wish'd for this auspicious Day,
And wonder'd at the Moments dull Delay.
Wide was the Gulf, and Deep, but now I'm o'er,
Am landed safe on the Eternal Shore.
Welcome for ever then this happy Change,
Welcome the charming Paths I now shall range;
Welcome first Dawnings of Immortal Light,
Welcome ye glorious Beings to my Sight.

Angels.

And Welcome, Welcome, to our peaceful Arms,
We come to guard thee from all future Harms;
From Heav'n's high Court we come —th' Eternal
(King,
Whose Will we all obey, and Praises sing;
Sent us thus far, (so Great his Bounty is !)
To waft thee to the Seats of endless Bliss:

This

This Morn we left his Throne.— The conquer'd
 (Light
 Lagg'd dully after, wondring at our Flight.

Spirit.

O Sacred Ministers of Heav'n's Decree!
 O you that stream with radiant Majesty!
 Why on this Message sent? Why this Regard to
 (me?)
 Return, return, to Heav'n from whence you came,
 There warble Hymns to the Creator's Name,
 Make shining Circles there around his Throne,
 'Tis he deserves such Guards, and he alone:
 Unworthy I in such a Grace to share;
 Unworthy of your least Regard or Care.

Angels.

Not thy Deserts, but free, unbounded, Love,
 Was all the Spring that cou'd thy Maker move:
 That Love which did at first thy Being raise,
 Preserve thy Health, and number out thy Days,
 And all those num'rous ample Gifts bestow
 While yet a Tenant of the World below;
 That

That Love which sent his Dear and Only Son
To Ransom thee, and all Mankind, undone ;
Sent him to feel th' Extreame of Misery,
To want, to mourn, be tortur'd, bleed and die ;
Which shelter'd thee from the avenging Stroke,
And Hell's Eternal Chain asunder broke ;
Which Heavn's Immortal Doors set open wide
And did in shining Paths of Virtue guide ;
Ev'n that now sends us forth to lead the Way
To the bright Regions of Celestial Day.

Nor come we only for Solemnity,
To make a pompous Progress thro' the Sky :
Thou need'st these Rays, thou need'st these potent
To guide and guard thee from furrounding
(Arms,
(Harms ;

For long's the Way, and vast, thou art to
(steer,
No Land-marks there, nor beaten Roads appear,
Ten Thousand, Thousand, Thousand, Leagues,
(and more,
Thou must thro' Fields of trackless *Æther* soar.
And

And here thou'lt pass th' unhospitable Plains,
Where Night in everlasting Silence reigns,
Where no Glad Rays do e'er the Gloom adorn;
Save what by us are in our Passage worn :
There mighty Orbs will roul across the Skies,
And Comets of prodigious Form and Size,
Myriads of Starry VVorlds surprize thy Sight,
VVith Blazes of unsufferable Light.

Thus then by Turns thou'lt need our pow'rful
(Aid,
Our Rays to Light, and spreading VVings to
(Shade.

Besides— Apostate Angels in thy VVay
More Thick than falling Leaves of Autumn stray ;
These, were we absent, tho' they can't destroy,
In spite would with their hellish Arts annoy :
Some drest in hideous Shapes wou'd stalk before,
Some dog it after with infernal Roar ;

Some

Some Icy Hills along thy Passage strow,
Some make thro' pitchy Clouds red Lightning
(glow,
Some Thunder from above, some from below.
And when these frightful Methods don't avail,
Nor shock thy Peace, nor make thy Courage fail,
They'll next with tender, flatt'ring, Charms amuse
And all their soft enticing Arts will use ;
VVill seem like us, Celestial Angels Fair ;
Such their Proportion, such their Mien and Air,
In all the Bloom of Heav'nly Youth appear,
And with melodious Sounds invite thy Ear :
Here warbling Birds will softly hover round,
VWhile Silver Fountains murmur to their Sound,
There flow'ry Fields their Fragrancy dispence,
And with Ten Thousand Beauties court thy Sence.
These Arts, and more, if found alone, they'll
(try,
To curb thy soaring Flight, and stain thy Piety.
But at our Sight they feel a trembling Awe ;
Run howling o'er the VVaste, and to their Den^s
(withdraw.

Nor think we such a Charge as this disdain,
 And undergo the humble Task with Pain.
 For ev'ry Part of the Almighty's VVill
 With eager Joy, with Raptures, we fulfil ;
 But Love it self's a powerful Motive here,
 Love makes thee to these Eyes, these Arms, most
 (Dear.
 Let's then—ascend And thus we spread our Wings,
 And thus we soar—Adieu to earthly Things.

Spirit.

Adieu, adieu, with Joy, dear Guides I go ;
 Adieu the nauseous Sink of Sin and Woe.
 No more shall I those dismal Prospects view,
 Which did each Day my bitter Grievs renew.
 No more behold the Persecutors Rage,
 Nor all the monstrous Vices of the Age.
 In *Mesech's* curs'd Tents no more shall dwell,
 No more be tortur'd with the Sons of Hell.
 No more shall Sins foul Stains pollute my Soul,
 Nor earthly Cares my better Part controul.

No more shall bear Diseases cruel Smart,
Nor feel Death's Fatal Arrows wound my Heart.

Angels.

No, happy Soul, thy Tragick Part is o'er,
Thy Sorrows all are fled, thy Dangers are no
(more.

Pure Love, triumphant Peace, and high Renown,
Shall float around thee now, and all thy Labours
(crown.

Happy the Day that saw thee leave thy Sin,
And bravely Virtue's shining Race begin.

That saw thee hearken to the Voice of God,
His Laws obey, and tremble at his Rod.

Saw thee dissolve before his flaming Love,
And towards his awful Throne in holy Breath-
(ings move.

O had'st thou still thy darling Vice pursu'd,
And still been like thy Tempters, Vain and Lewd,
How wretched now had been thy certain Fate !
And in what Floods of Tears woud'st thou repent
(too late ?

Thou must for these kind Looks and Arms of
 (ours,
 Have felt the Fury of Infernal Pow'rs,
 To Hell's dark Prison in their Paws been drawn,
 Where Goblins stalk, Snakes hiss, and Monsters
 (yawn;
 Where roaring Flames, and Shrieks of those in
 (Pains,
 Mix with the Yells of Fiends, and Clanks of
 (Chains;
 Where no bright Morn displays a chearful Face,
 But crouding Horrors fill the gloomy Space,
 And num'rous dreadful Woes all Joys for ever
 (chase.)
 But now thou'rt safe—and now to Heav'n we go,
 To Heav'n, where Ties of endless Glory flow,
 And Light's diffusive Rays no Limits know :
 Where Scenes of Bliss, and charming VVonders,
 (dwell,
 VVonders too big for Angels Tongues to tell !
 There sits th' Almighty thron'd in awful State,
 As Kind as High, as Good as he is Great ;
 From thence his Eyes remotest Corners pierce,
 And range thro' all the spacious Universe.

From

Shalt feel the Transports of his charming Face,
And dwell for ever in his Dear Embrace.
Thy Pious Friends who fought with Vice below,
And stood the Torrent till Death's Fatal Blow,
In these blest Mansions thou agen shalt find
More Pure, more Wise, more Generous and
(Kind.

Thy Dear *Palemon*, Dearer than thy Soul,
Whose mighty Loss thou did'st so long condole,
Who with thee joy'd to run the glorious Race,
With equal Love, and with an equal Pace,
Shall thee agen with soft Caresses meet,
And in loud Welcomes thy Arrival greet ;
You both shall now your Sacred Flames improve,
Shall both dissolve in pure Empireal Love,
For ever both in these bright Realms remain,
In Joys be delug'd, and in Glory reign.

*Paraphrase on Malachi III. By a
Young Lady. P*

IN Vain ye murmur ; we have serv'd the
(Lord ;
As vainly listned to his flatt'ring Word ;
He has forgot, or spake not as he meant,
Else why are we thus Idly Penitent ?
Ye call the Haughty Blest, erecting those
That dare my Judgments impiously oppose,
And own, nay, almost boast, themselves my Foes: }
Whose Crimes wou'd, were I not a God, com-
(mand
The flaming Bolts from my unwilling Hand.

Then they that fear'd my great and awful Nam'
The only few that dar'd oppose the Stream,
Unmov'd, against the vulgar Torrent stood,
In Spite of Numbers resolutely Good ;

Not taxing with undecent Insolence
The dark Enigma's of my Providence,
But saw me still Illustrious thro' the same,
And lov'd, and spake, spake often of my Name.
As oft I closely listned, nor shall they
Pass unrewarded at the last great Day,
When all their Pious Services I'll own,
For in my Records I shall find them down.
Their Brows I'll crown with Wreaths of Victory,
Whilst Men and Angels stand Spectators by :
Aloud I'll then, aloud proclaim them mine,
And 'mongst my brightest Treasures they shall
(shine ;
Their Frailty with more Tenderneſs then e'er
A Father did his only Sons I'll spare ;
And then,--- but Oh ! too late, you'll find it
(then,
Who were the Wiſe, the only Thinking, Men :
Then you ſhall nothing but Deriſion meet,
Whilst Angels them with loud Applauſes greet.

The Meditation. By Mr. Norris.

I.

IT must be done, my Soul ; but 'tis a strange,
A dismal, and mysterious, Change !
When thou shalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
And to an unknown Somewhere wing away,
When Time shall be Eternity, and thou
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou
(know'st not how.

II.

Amazing State ! No Wonder that we dread
To think of Death, or view the Dead.
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Shades, as if to thee
Our very Knowledge had Antipathy :
Death could not a more sad Retinue find,
Sickness and Pain before, and Darkness all be-
(hind.

III.

III.

Some courteous Ghost tell this great Secrecy,

What 'tis you are, and we must be.

You warn us of approaching Death, and why?

May we not know from you what 'tis to die?

But you having shot the Gulph, delight to see
Succeeding Souls plunge in with like uncertainty.

IV.

When Life's close Knot by Writ from Destiny

Disease shall cut, or Age untye,

When after some Delays, some dying Strife,

The Soul stands shivering on the Ridge of Life,

With what a dreadful Curiosity

Does she launch out into the Sea of vast Eternity.

V.

So when the spacious Globe was delug'd o'er,

And lower Holds could save no more,

On

On th' utmost Boughs th' astonish'd Sinners stood,
And view'd th' Advances of th' incroaching
(Flood;
Oe'r-topp'd at length by th' Elements Increase,
With Horror they resign'd to the untry'd Abyſs.

*The LXIII. Chapter of Iſaiah Para-
phras'd to the Sixth Verſe. A
Pindarick Ode. By the ſame
Hand.*

I.

STRANGE Scene of Glory ! Am I well awake ?
Or is't my Fancy's wild Miſtake ?

It cannot be a Dream, bright Beams of Light
Flow from the Viſion's Face, and pierce my tender
(Sight.

No common Viſion this, I ſee
Some Marks of more than humane Maſteſty.

Who is this mighty Hero ? Who ?
With Glories round his Head, and Terror in his
(Brow ?
From

From *Bozrah* lo he comes a Scarlet Dye,
O'er spreads his Cloaths, and does outvie
The Blushes of the Morning Sky.

Triumphant and Victorious he appears,
And Honour in his Looks and Habit wears.
How strong he treads ? How stately does he go ?
Pompous, and Solemn in his Pace,
And full of Majesty, as is his Face.

Who is this mighty Hero ? Who ?
'Tis I, who to my Promise Faithful stand,
I who the Powers of Death, Hell and the Grave,
Have foil'd with this All-conquering Hand ;
I who most ready am, and mighty too to save.

II.

Why wear'st thou then this Scarlet Dye ?

Say mighty Hero, why ?

Why do thy Garments look all Red,

Like them that in the Wine-press tread ?

The Wine-press I alone have trod,

That

That vast unweildly Frame which long did stand
Unmov'd, and which no mortal Force could
(e'er command ;
That pond'rous Mass I ply'd alone,
And with me to assist were none.

A mighty Task it was, Worthy the Son of God,
Angels stood trembling at the dreadful Sight,
Concern'd with what Success I should go thro'
The Work I undertook to do ;

Enrag'd I put forth all my Might,
And down the Engine press'd, the violent Force
Disturb'd the Universe, put Nature out of Course ;
The Blood gush'd out in Streams and chequer'd
(o'er

My Garments with its deepest Gore,
With ornamental Drops bedeck'd I stood,
And writ my Victory with my Enemies Blood:

III.

The Day, the Signal Day, is come,
When of my Enemies I must Vengeance take ;

The

The Day when Death shall have its Doom;
 And the dark Kingdom with its Powers shall shake.
 Fate in her Kalender mark'd out this Day with
 (Red,
 She folded down the Iron Leaf, and thus she said,
 This Day, if ought I can divine be true,
 Shall for a Signal Victory

Be celebrated to Posterity :

Then shall the Prince of Light descend,
 And rescue Mortals from th' Infernal Fiend,
 Break through his strongest Forts, and all his
 (Hosts subdue ;

This said, she shut the *Adamantine* Volume close,
 And wish'd she might the crowding Years trans-
 (pose ;

So much she long'd to have the Scene display,
 And see the vast Event of this important Day.
 And now in midst of the revolving Years,

This great, this mighty, one appears :

The Faithful Traveller, the Sun,
 Has number'd out the Days, and the set Period
 (run :
 I look'd, and to assist was none.

My

My Angelick Guards stood trembling by,

But durst not venture nigh.

In vain too from my Father did I look,

For Help, my Father me forlook :

Amaz'd I was to see

How all deserted me ;

I took my Fury for my sole Support,

And with my single Arm the Conquest won ;

Loud Acclamations fill'd all Heavens Court ;

The Hymning Guards above,

Strain'd to an higher Pitch of Joy and Love,

The great *Jehovah* prais'd, and his victorious Son.

The Elevation. By the same Author.

I.

TAke Wing, my Soul, and upwards bend
(thy Flight,

To thy originary Fields of Light.

Here's nothing, nothing, here below

That can deserve thy longer Stay ;

A secret Whisper bids thee go
 To purer Air and Beams of native Day.
 Th' Ambition of the tow'ring Lark outvie;
 And like him sing as thou dost upward fly.

II.

How all things lessen which my Soul before
 Did with the groveling Multitude adore !

Those Pageant Glories disappear

Which charm and dazle Mortals Eyes ;
 How do I in this higher Sphere,
 How do I Mortals with their Joys despise ?
 Pure uncorrupted Elements I breathe,
 And pity their gross Atmosphere beneath.

III.

How Vile, how Sordid, here those Trifles shew,
 That place the Tenants of that Ball below ?

But ha ! I've lost the little Sight,

The Scene's remov'd, and all I see

Is one confus'd, dark, Mass of Night ;

What nothing was, now nothing seems to be.

How

How Calm this Region, how Serene, how Clear,
Sure I some Strains of Heavenly Musick hear.

IV.

On, on, the Task is easie now and light,
No Steams of Earth can here retard thy Flight :
Thou need'st not now thy Stroaks renew,
'Tis but to spread thy Pinions wide,
And thou with ease thy Seat wilt view,
Drawn by the Bent of the Ætherial Tide.
Tis so, I find how sweetly on I move,
Not let by things below, and help'd by those
(above.

V.

But see to what new Region am I come,
I know it well, it is my native Home.
Here led I once a Life Divine
Which did all Good, no Evil, know,
Ah ! Who would such sweet Bliss resign
For those vain Shews which Fools admire below ?

'Tis true, but don't of Folly past complain,
But joy to see those blest Abodes again.

VI.

A good Retrieve ; but lo, while thus I speak
With piercing Rays th' Eternal Day does break ;
Beauties of the Face Divine
Strike strongly on my feeble Sight,
With what bright Glories does it shine !
'Tis one Immense and Everflowing Light :
Stop here, my Soul, thou canst not fear more Bliss,
Nor can thy now rais'd Palate ever relish less.

The CXLVIII. Psalm Para-
phras'd. By the same Anthor.

I.

O Come let all created Force conspire
A general Hymn of Praise to sing,
Join all ye Creatures in one Solemn Quire,
And let your Theme be Heavens Almighty King

II.

Begin ye blest Attendants of his Seat,
Begin your high Seraphick Lays;
'Tis Just you should, your Happiness is great,
And all you are to give again is Praise.

III.

Ye glorious Lamps that rule both Night and Day,
Bring you your Allelujahs too;
To him that Tribute of Devotion pay
Which once blind Superstition gave to you.

IV.

Thou First and Fairest of Material Kind,
By whom his other Works we see,
Subtil and Active as pure Thought and Mind,
Praise him that's Elder and more Fair than thee.

IV.

Ye Regions of the Air his Praises sing,
And all ye Virgin Waters there
Do you Advantage to the Consort bring,
And down to us the Allelujah bear.

VI.

In chanting forth the great *Jehovah's* Praise
Let these the upper Consort fill ;
He spake, and did you all from nothing raise,
As you did then, so now obey his Will.

VII.

His Will that fix'd you in a constant State,
And cut a Track for Nature's Wheel ;
Here let it run, said he, and made it Fate ;
And where's that Power which can this Law re-
(peal ?

VIII.

VIII.

Ye Powers that to th' inferiour World retain,
 Join you now with the Quire above:
 And first ye Dragons try an higher Strain,
 And turn your angry Hissings into Praise and
 (Love.

IX.

Let Fire, Hail, Snow and Vapours, that ascend,
 Unlock'd by *Phæbus* searching Rays;
 Let Stormy Winds ambitiously contend,
 And all their wonted Force imploy in Praise.

X.

Ye Sacred Tops which seem to brave the Skies,
 Rise higher, and when Men on you
 Religious Rites perform, and Sacrifice,
 With their Oblations send your Praises too.

XI.

Ye Trees, whose Fruits both Men and Beasts con-
sume,

Be you in Praises Fruitful too;

Ye Cedars, why have you such choice Perfume,
But that sweet Incense should be made of you?

XII.

Ye Beasts, with all the humble creeping Train,

Praise him that made your Lot so high;

Ye Birds, who in a nobler Province reign;

Send up your Praises higher than you fly.

XIII.

Ye Sacred Heads that wear Imperial Gold,

Praise him that you with Power Arrays:

And you whose Hands the Scale of Justice hold,

Be Just in this, and pay your Debt of Praise.

XIV.

Let sprightly Youth give Vigour to the Quire,
 Each Sex with one another vie;
 Let feeble Age dissolv'd in Praise expire,
 And Infants too in Hymns their tender Voices
 (try.

XV.

Praise him ye Saints who Piety profess,
 And at his Altar spend your Days;
 Ye Seed of *Israel* your great Patron bless,
 'Tis Manna this, for Angels Food is Praise.

The Resignation. By the same Hand.

I.

Long have I view'd, long have I thought,
And held with trembling Hands this bitter
(Draught ;
'Twas now just to my Lips applied,
Nature shrunk back, and all my Courage dy'd ;
But now Resolv'd and Firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mingled and held out by thee.

II.

I'll trust my great Physician's Skill ;
I know what he prescribes can ne'er be ill :
To each Disease he knows what's fit ;
I own him Wise, and Good, and do submit :
I now no longer grieve or pine ;
Since 'tis thy Pleasure, Lord, it shall be mine.

III.

III.

Thy Med'cine puts me to great Smart,
Thou'lt wounded me in my most tender Part ;
But 'tis with a Design to cure ;
I must and will thy Sovereign Touch endure :

All that I priz'd below is gone,
But yet I still will pray *thy Will be done.*

IV.

Since 'tis thy Sentence I should part
With the most precious Treasure of my Heart,
I freely that and more resign ;
My Heart it self, as its Delight, is thine ;
My little All I give to thee ;
Thou gav'st a greater Gift, thy Son, to me.

V.

He left true Bliss and Joys above,
Himself he emptied of all Good but Love ;

For

For me he freely did forsake
More Good than he from me can ever take ;

A mortal Life for a Divine
He took, and did at last even that resign.

VI.

Take all, Great God, I will not grieve,
But still will wish that I had still to give ;

I hear thy Voice, thou bidst me quit
My Paradise, I bless and do submit ;

I will not murmur at thy Word,
Nor beg thy Angel to sheath up his Sword.

The

The Prospect. By the same Author.

I.

WHat a strange Moment will it be,
My Soul? How full of Curiosity?
When wing'd and ready for thy Eternal Flight
To th' utmost Edges of thy tottering Clay,
Hovering, and wishing longer Stay,
Thou shalt advance, and have Eternity in Sight?
When just about to try that unknown Sea,
What a strange Moment will it be!

II.

But yet how much more strange that State!
When loosen'd from th' Embrace of this close
(Mate,
Thou shalt at once be plung'd in Liberty,
And move as Swift and Active as a Ray
Shot from the lucid Spring of Day.

Then

Thou who just now wast clogg'd with dull Mor-
 (tality,
 How wilt thou bear the mighty Change ? How
 (know
 Whether thou'rt then the same or no ?

III.

Then to strange Mansions of the Air, **W**
 And stranger Company, must thou repair ;
 What a new Scene of Things will then appear !
 This World thou by degrees was taught to know,
 Which lessen'd thy Surprise below,
 But Knowledge all at once will overflow thee
 (there.
 That World, as the first Man did this, thou'lt see
 Ripe grown in full Maturity.

IV.

There with bright Splendours must thou dwell,
 And be what only those pure Forms can tell ;
 There must thou live awhile, gaze and admire,
 Till the great Angels Trump this Fabrick shake,
 And all the slumbering Dead awake ;
 Then

Then to thy old forgotten State must thou retire ;
This Union then will be as strange, or more
Than thy new Liberty before.

V.

Now for the greatest Change prepare,
To see the only Great, the only Fair ;
Vail now thy feeble Eyes, gaze and be blest ;
Here all thy Turns and Revolutions cease,
Here's all Serenity and Peace ;
Thou'rt to the Centre come, the Native Seat of
(Rest
There's now no further Change, nor need there be
When one shall be Variety.

The

*The CXXXVII. Psalm Para-
phras'd to the Seventh Verse. By
the same Author.*

I.

Beneath a reverend gloomy Shade,
Where *Tygris* and *Euphrates* cut their
(Way,
With folded Arms and Heads supinely laid,
We sate and wept out all the tedious Day ;
Within its Banks Grief could not be
Contain'd, when, *Sion*, we remember'd thee.

II.

Our Harps, with which we oft had sung
In Solemn Strains the great *Jehovah's* Praise,
Our warbling Harps upon the Trees we hung,
Too Deep our Grief to hear their pleasing Lays.

Our

Our Harps were sad as well as we,
And tho' by Angels touch'd would yield no Har-
(mony.

III.

But they who forc'd us from our Seat,
The happy Land and sweet Abode of Rest,
Had one Way left to be more cruel yet,
And ask'd a Song from Hearts with Grief oppress'd;
Let's hear, say they, upon the Lyre
One of the Anthems of your *Hebrew* Quire.

IV.

How can we frame our Voice to sing ———
The Hymns of Joy, Festivity, and Praise,
To those who're Aliens to our Heavenly King,
And want a Taste for such exalted Lays?
Our Harps will here refuse to sound;
An Holy Song is due to Holy Ground.

V.

V.

No, Dearest *Sion*, if we can

So far forget thy melancholy State,

As now thou mourn'st, to sing one chearful Strain.

This Ill be added to our Ebb of Fate,

Let neither Harp nor Voice e'er try

One Hallelujah more, but ever silent lye.

H Y M N

Hymn to the Redeemer of the
World, by Mr. Bowden.

I.

Whom shou'd I praise O Christ but thee?
Whose Praises Angels sing.

Who the Eternal Envoy art
Of the Eternal King.

II.

From Heav'ns high Court thou didst descend.

Love led thee on thy Way:
Thou saw'st Man's fatal Wreck, and lo!
Thy Pity cou'd not stay.

III.

Swift as the Journeys of the Morn
To Earth thou tak'st thy Flight:
A New-born Star attends thy Birth,
And glows with joyful Light.

M

While

IV.

Scraph and Cherub hail the News,
Fresh Joys their Heav'n improve,
While lost in Wonder they reflect
On th' unexampled Love.

V.

In Throngs their lofty Seats they leave,
And humble *Æther* press ;
Look down and view the wondrous Scene,
And as they view they bless.

VI.

To loftier Notes their Harps they raise,
And loftier Hymns rehearse,
While Shepherds leave their Rural Strains
To hear Celestial Verse

VII.

“ Glory to God is all their Song,
“ Glory to God most high,
“ All Glory to the Ransomer
“ Of Man's Posterity.

VIII.

Thro' all the immeasur'd Tracks of Space,
And rowling Orbs on high,
Thro' all the Fields of heav'nly Light,
And Kingdoms of the Sky ;

IX.

Down thro' the Hollows of the Earth,
Thro' Hells extensive Bounds,
And all the dismal Vaults below
The Harmony resounds.

X.

With trembling hellish Furies hear
The News of Man's Relief,
It racks them with redoubled Pains
And more inflames their Grief.

XI.

With hideous Roars they shake all Hell,
And rage in wild Despair,
They bite their everlasting Chains,
And rend their Snaky Hair.

XII.

But O the Joy, the Peace, the Bliss,
 The sound to Mortals brings,
 It cheers the dismal Gloom and flies
 With Raptures on its Wings.

XIII.

Redemption! O the charming News!
 From deepest Guilt and Hell,
 Redemption! For a trayt'rous World
 That freely did rebel:

XIV.

Wondrous Redemption! wondrous Grace!
 That does Mankind restore
 To all the Joys were lost by Sin,
 To all, and vastly more.

XV.

That points the Way, and opens wide,
 The everlasting Gate,
 Allures us with immortal Crowns,
 And Robes of heav'nly State.

XVI.

O Action worthy of a God!

O Love beyond degree!

O Condescension infinite!

O boundless Charity!

XVII.

O how I'm delug'd o're, and lost,

In this profound Abyss!

It fills my Head with glorious Scenes,

My Heart with Extasies.

XVIII.

Lord why to rebel Man shou'dst thou

Such matchless Favours shew?

Why court the Wretch that shun'd thy Sight

That fought thy overthrow?

XIX.

Is it because thou need'st his Aid

Thou dost his Friendship sue?

Will else thy Bliss be incomplete

Thy Praises be but few?

XX.

Or wast thou Lord compell'd to leave
Thy Triumphs in the Sky?
And range along the horrid Vale
Of Death and Misery?

XXI.

Alas what Force cou'd Thee compel
Who art Almighty still?
Who mad'st and rul'st the floating Worlds
According to thy Will?

XXII.

Or Lord what Want can'st thou endure
Who all Things dost possess?
Whose flowing Glories know no Ebb,
No Bounds thy Happiness?

XXIII.

Ten Thousand Thousand Angel Troops
Thy Majesty adore?
And with a Word thou can'st create
Ten Thousand Thousand more.

XXIV.

XXIV.

Ev'n these, with all their Hymns of Praise

No Profit bring to Thee,

Who only art thy own Delight,

Thy own Felicity :

XXV.

Why then to rebel Man should'st thou

Such matchless Favour shew

Why court the Wretch that shund thy Sight

That fought thy Overthrow ?

XXVI.

Why ; but because Dear Lord with Thee

Was Mercies boundless store,

Because thy Goodness scorn'd Restraint

And proudly delug'd o're,

XXVII.

'Twas this alone that made Thee leave

Thy glorious State above,

In Manhood veil the God, and part

With all thy Heav'n but Love.

XXVIII.

A Servants despicable Form

This made Thee gladly wear,

Sleep, Hunger, Thirst, and Cold endure,

And Mocks of Sinners hear.

XXIX.

This led Thee thro' the raging Flames,

And thro' th' impetuous Flood,

With dismal Clouds involv'd thy Soul,

And dy'd thy Robes in Blood.

XXX.

The Wine-press of Almighty Wrath

This made Thee freely tread,

With basest Villains choose thy Lot,

And with the silent Dead,

XXXI.

O strange Effect of Saving Love!

What Love does this require?

How shou'd it melt away thy Soul

In Flames of Am'rous Fire?

XXXII.

XXXII.

How shou'd thy Mouth be fill'd with Praise?

What Homage shoul'dst thou pay?

To him who plung'd in Night for Thee

And turn'd thy Night to Day?

XXXIII.

O can'st thou see God's darling Son

Forfake his Lofly Throne?

Forfake his Guards and Glories all

To try the Vast alone?

XXXIV.

From World to World, from Heav'n to Earth,

Behold him swiftly come,

Behold him shroud his sacred Form

In *Marys* Virgin Womb?

XXXV.

Behold the God [O wonder] born

Behold him bleed and die

And not by Turns within Thee feel

Th' Extreame of Grief and Joy?

XXXVI.

XXXVI.

Of Grief, to think what He endur'd,
 Of Joy, and Praise, to see
 What mighty Blessings He design'd
 In all my Soul for Thee.

The WARNING.

ALL you who leap Religions sacred Fence,
 And hunt th' ignoble Chase of Lust and
 (Sense,
 Whose impious Breast some hellish Fiend inspires,
 And Tongues, and Eyes confess adult'rous Fires;
 Who drown your wretched Souls in Floods of
 (Wine,

And to the Beast the nobler Man resign :
 Who with loud Oaths, and Curses rend the Sky,
 And dare immortal Virtues bright Authority.
 With earnest Speed your darling Vice forego,
 Which else will prove your certain overthrow.

For since Heav'n's awful King is Just and Pure,
You must the Lashes of his Wrath endure.
Must e're 'tis long to your Confusion find
That th' injur'd God is neither Deaf nor Blind.

By Mr. *W E S L E Y*,

MY Harbingers the seven Archangels bright,
Hark how their Trumps the guilty
(World affright;
The awful Trump of God! a Call they sound
Is heard thro' Natures universal Round,
That Signal heard, from the dissolving Sky
Decrepid Nature lays her down to dye.
Not so Man's deathless Race, who now revive,
And must in Joy, or Pain forever live.
From long confining Tombs each dusky Guest
Disturb'd arise, most never more to rest.
The clustring Atoms, as before they were,
Together troop, the Earth, the Sea, the Air,

Give

Give up their Dead, how different all they rise!
 These light and chearful, these behold the Skies
 With Looks adverse, and horrid, how they shine
 All dreadful bright, all red with Wrath Divine!
 Even you fair Star, whose Webs of Light disperse
 Their golden Threads around the Universe,
 Loose from its Centre down Heavens Hill must
 (roll

And by its Fall unhinge the steady Pole.
 And whilst it hissing in th' Abyss is found
 Ten thousand lesser Suns lye scatter'd round.
 The Moons bright Eye shall dark and bloodshot
 (grow,
 Reflecting only Smoak, and Fire below.
 Vast Heaps on Heaps, thick Orbs on Orbs are
 (hurld,
 Chaos on Chaos, World confus'd with World,
 Huge Spheres so fast each after other roll'd,
 Even boundless space their Ruins scarce will hold,
 If the great Whole's no more from Fate secure,
 What Ravage shall this little part endure,

This

This Point in the great Circle as before:
 When by th' impetuous Deluge floated o're,
 The Oceans both of Heaven and Earth did join,
 Both with the Fountains of the Deep combine,
 And Wave did after Wave unweari'd come,
 Sea after Sea from its Hydropick Womb,
 So from the Sources whence that Ruin came
 Delug'd with Seas of Fire, and Waves of Flame,
 As when Heaven's Vengeance on curst *Sodom* fell
 The World's one Tophet, now one *Etna* or one
 (Hell,
 From Earth's wide Womb large Floods of Flame
 (shall flow
 The *fiery Worlds* above shall meet with this below,
 Hence holy Souls refin'd, and made more bright,
 Shall safe immerge to Worlds of calmer Light,
 Whilst those still stain'd with odious *Marks* of Sin
 Must desperate sink, for ever sink therein.
 But first that Doom, which they deserv'd so well,
 They must receive that Sentence, half their Hell.

The

The Thrones are set, the conscious Angels
 (wait,
 And turn th' Eternal brazen Leaves of Fate.
 High in the midst shall my Tribunal stand,
 Apostles, Prophets, Saints at my Right Hand :
 Martyrs and Confessors, a glorious Train,
 Now well content to suffer, then to reign ;
 Whilst on the Left a dismal gloomy Band
 Of Kings, proud Nobles, factious Commons stand,
 Lewd Priests, Apostate Poets who disgrace,
 Their Character, and stain their *Heaven-born* Race.
 Lean Hypocrites who by long *Fasts and Prayer,* }
 Get *Damn'd with much of Pains, and much of Care,* }
 But strange ! there will not be an *Atheist* there ! }

All Marshal'd thus, tho' now they're mingled
 (seen,
 To you I'll with applauding Smiles begin ;

Come you by me and my great Father blest,
 Come holy Souls to endless Peace and Rest.

For

For some short Years of Misery and Pain
In Light, and Joy, forever with me reign.
In that blest Place before all Worlds prepar'd,
By Heavenly Skill, by Hands Almighty rear'd.
In that bad World your selves you've faithful
(shown,
You own'd me there, and you in this I'll own.
Fainting for Hunger me you oft reliev'd,
And burnt with Thirst I your kind Aid receiv'd.
Wide wandring thro' the World, you entertain'd;
Half naked, not my Povetry disdain'd,
But careful Cloath'd; when sick your Help did
(lend,
Nay, even imprison'd not forlook your Friend.

With modest Joy in their enlighten'd Eyes,
Thus humbly all the Righteous Host replies:
Thy Mercy not our Merits Lord we own,
Must place us by thee on thy radiant Throne.
Much of our selves, of Ill our selves we know,
Such good alafs, when did we ever do.

Thus

Thus they—thus will again the King rejoin
 Those Kindnesses I still accounted mine:
 My Friends receiv'd, these I did still record,
 And this great Day shall bring their full Reward.

Then to th' unjust he turns, who trembling
 (wait

Their too well known intolerable Fate.

Justice unmix'd dwells on his Angry Brow,
 Tho' Mercy only there and Pardon now.

(Ah what a Change ! why will they not relent,
 Since now they may ? why will they not repent ?
 Yet, yet, their's Hope, I'll cover all their Sins,
 Then all too late, for thus their Judge begins.)

Go ye accurst, to endless Torment go,
 For such your Choice, to endless Worlds of woe,
 Prepar'd at first for those lost Spirits that fell,
 You shar'd their Crimes, now doom'd to share
 (their Hell.

In t'other World unkind your selves you've shown
 Me you disown'd, you now I here disown :

Fainting

Fainting for Hunger, me you'd not relieve,
 For Thirst you'd not one Cup of *Water* give,
 When wandring thro' the World ne're entertain'd,
 Half *Naked*, *Peor* and *Mean* you me disdain'd :
 Or Cloath'd with Stripes, when Sick did Curses
 (lend,
 For Balm ; Imprison'd, Stones for Bread you send.

With all the haſt of Impudent Deſpair,
 They'l all deny, and ask me when and where ?

To them my Answer like the laſt ſhall be,
 What to my Brethrens done, is done to me.

A Place there is from Heav'ns ſweet Light de-
 (barr'd
 Where diſmal Shrieks, of guilty Souls are heard :
 Loud Yells, deep Groans, thick Stripes, long
 (clank of Chains,
 There ſolid everlaſting Darkneſs Reigns.
 Even that ſad Fire, which on the Wretched feeds,
 (Nor new Supplies of Matter ever needs,)

178 *Divine Hymns and Poems.*

*Lends 'em no Gleam, no comfortable Ray,
But change of Torments, measure Night and Day,
Hither black Fiends shall snatch th' Unjust away.* }

*And on the Ruins of this flaming Ball,
Tormentors and Tormented both shall fall,
whilst to th' Abyss on Waves of Sulphur tost
And in that direful Gulph forever lost.*

*Not so the Just; who shall their Lord attend
To Worlds of Joy, shall know no bound, nor end.
A Place there is remov'd far far away,
From that faint Lamp, that makes this Mortal
(Day.*

*A blisful Place, that knows no clouds or Night.
But God's high Throne scatters perpetual Light.
There Angels live, there Saints so far refin'd
Their Bodies scarce less glorious then their Mind.
There true Eternal Friendship all profess,
There in the height of Piety possess
The Heaven of Heavens the height of Happiness.* }

Perfect their Joys, yet still their Joys improve,
 For still the infinite they see, and Love.
 Here shall they Enter, here triumphant Plac'd,
 Unutterable Bliss forever taste
 In mine and my Great Fathers Arms embrac'd.

The Vanity of the WORLD. By a Young Lady.

What if serenely blest, with Calms I swim
Pactolus! in thy golden sanded Stream?
 Not all the Wealth, that lavish Chance cou'd give
 My Soul from Death cou'd one short Hour re-
 (prive.
 When from my Heart the wandring Life must
 (move
 No Cordial, all my useless Gold wou'd prove.
 What tho' I plung'd in Joys so deep and wide,
 Twou'd tire my Thoughts to reach the distant
 (side?

Fancy it self 'twou'd tire to plumb th' Abyfs,
If I for an uncertain Lease of this
Sold the fair Hope of an Eternal Bliss?
What if invested with the Royal State
Of darling Queens, ador'd by King's I fate?
Yet when my trembling Soul's dislodg'd wou'd be
No room of State within the Grave for me.
What if my Youth in Wit, and Beauty's Bloom
Shou'd promise many a flattering Year to come;
Tho' Death shou'd pass the beauteous Flourisher
Advancing Time wou'd all its Glories marr.
What if the Muses loudly sang my Fame,
The barren Mountains Ecchoing with my Name?
An envious Puff might blast the rising Pride,
And all its bright conspicuous Lustre hide.

If o're my Relicks Monuments they raise
And fill the World with Flattery or Praise.
Oh what wou'd all avail, if sink I must,
My Soul to endless Shades, my Body to the Dust?

The APPEAL.

By an unknown Hand. *P*

I.

TO Thee great Searcher of the Heart

I solemnly Appeal,

Who all the Secrets of my Soul,

And inmost Thoughts canst tell.

II.

Even Thou, th' unerring Judge of all,

Dost my dread Witness prove,

That Thee beyond what're the World

Can tempt me with I love.

III.

That Thee, whatever else I miss,

Whatever else I lose,

As my exceeding great Reward,

And highest Bliss I chuse.

IV.

Leave me of Wealth, of Honour, Friends,
And all Things else bereft,
But of thy Favour gracious God
Let me be never left.

V.

Oh hear, and grant thy boundless Love's
Inestimable Store,
And I'll hereafter close my Lips
And never urge Thee more.

VI.

With this alone I'll be content,
But Lord of this deny'd
I should despise the noblest Gift,
Thou cou'dst bestow beside.

VII.

Among the brightest Joys of Life.
I should no Pleasure know,
But murm'ring to the fullen Shades
Of endless Night would go.

*Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loves,
where thou feedest, where thou
canst thy Flocks to rest at Noon,
Cant. i. 7.*

By an unknown Hand.

I.

O Lovelier to my ravish'd Eyes
Then all they ever saw,
Much dearer than the Light I view,
Or vital Breath I draw.

II.

Eternal Treasure of my Heart,
Whom as my Soul I love.
Oh tell me, to what Happy Shades
Thou dost at Noon remove.

III.

Oh tell me where, by Chrystal Streams
Thy Snowy Flocks are led,

And in what fruitful Meadows they
Are by thy Bounty fed.

IV.

For Thee I languish all the Day,
For Thee I hourly pine,
As Flow'rs that want the chearing Sun
Their Painted Heads decline.

V.

Ah why from my impatient Eyes
Dost thou thy self conceal?
Whilst I in vain in lonely Shades
My restless Pain reveal.

*And tho' after my Skin Worms de-
stroy this Body, yet in my Flesh
shall I see God, Job 19. 26.*

By a Young Lady. *P*

I.

WHat tho' my Soul rent from the close
(Embrace
Of this material Consort, takes her Flight,
(Exil'd

(Exil'd the Confines of her Native Place)
And leave these Eyes clos'd in a dismal Night?
She shall agen resume the dear Abode,
And cloath'd in Flesh I shall behold my God.

II.

Tho' in the gloomy Regions of the Grave
Forgotten, and insensible I lye
That tedious Night shall a bright Morning have,
The welcome Dawnings of Eternity.
My Soul shall then resume Her old Abode,
And cloath'd in Flesh, I shall behold my God.

III.

Altho', resolv'd into my native Dust,
Its proper Part, each Element refine,
Yet at my awful Maker's Breath they must
Agen the num'rous Particles resign :
And then my Soul shall take Her old Abode,
And cloath'd in Flesh I shall behold my God.

H Y M N.

I.

How shall I sing that Majesty

Which Angel-Hosts admire?

Let Dust in Dust and Silence lye,

Sing, sing ye heav'nly Quire.

II.

Thousand of Thousands stand around

Thy Throne, O God most High,

Ten thousand times ten thousand sound

Thy Praise, but who am I?

III.

Thy brightest Rays to them appear,

While I thy Footsteps trace,

A sound of God strikes on my Ear,

But they behold thy Face.

IV.

They sing because thou art their Sun

Lord dart a Beam on me,

For

For where Heav'n is but once begun

There Hallelujahs be.

V.

Enlighten and inflame my Heart.

With Loves most Sacred Fire,

Then shall I sing, and bear a part,

With thy Celestial Quire.

VI.

How great a Being Lord is thine

Which doth all Beings keep!

Thy Knowledge is the only Line

To Sound so vast a Deep.

VII.

Thou art a Sea without a Shore,

A Sun without a Sphere,

Thy Time is now and evermore,

Thy Place is ev'ry where.

VIII.

How good art thou, whose Goodness is

My Parent, Nurse and Guide?

IX.

188 *Divine Hymns and Poems.*

Whose Streams do Water *Paradice*,
And all the World beside.

IX.

Thy mighty Arm, O mighty King!

Both Rocks, and Hearts can break :

My God thou canst do ev'ry Thing

But what wou'd shew Thee Weak.

X.

Who wou'd not fear thy searching Eye,

Witness to all we do?

Dark Hell and deep Hypocrisy

Lye open to thy View.

XI.

Thy wise and bounteous Works, and Ends.

O may we still admire.

Creation all our Wit transcends,

Redemption rises higher.

XII.

How pure, and holy are thine Eyes?

How holy is thy Name !

Thy

Thy Saints, and Laws, and Penalties,
Thy Holiness proclaim.

XIII.

Thy wondrous Mercies out-stretch'd Rays
Shine gloriously to All.

For this thy Creature's Love, and Praise,
And thee their Father Call.

XIV.

Thy hinder Parts, O God of Grace,
We only here adore,

Display the Glory of thy Face,
That we may praise thee more.

XV.

And since none see this Sight and live,
For me to die is best,

Thro' *Jordan's* Streams, who wou'd not dive,
To land at *Canaan's* Rest?

HYMN.

HYMN.

I.

When Man in Sin's Wilde-Maze was lost,
And on impetuous Billows tost.
While Hope and Help all Aid denies,
Lo ! God his vast Compassion shews,
His dear, and only Son bestows
Who for our Safety freely dies.

II.

O Heighth ! O Length ! O Breadth ! O Deep !
What Love with thine can Measures keep ?
Love ! that from Glory Jesus brought :
That plung'd him deep, in Sorrows Flood,
That peirc'd his Soul, and drein'd his Blood,
O Love transcending Angels Thought !

III.

O may at length my willing Breast
Be all with Love of thee possess'd,

Be all inflam'd with heav'nly Fire,
May I thy Praise in Raptures sing,
Thy boundless Praise, my God, my King,
And thee, and only thee admire.

H Y M N.

I.

THOU Lord who rais'd'st Heav'n and Earth,
Dost make the building stand:

The pond'rous Weight does wholly rest

On thy Almighty Hand.

II.

Should'st thou one Moment Lord with-draw,

The Earth wou'd leave its Place:

The num'rous shining Orbs on high

Resign to empty Space.

III.

Thou needest none to sing thy Praise,

As if thy Joy cou'd fade,

Could'st

Could'st thou have needed any Thing,
 Thou nothing could'st have made.

IV.

Lord, what is Man, that Child of Pride,
 Who boasts his high Degree?
 If but one Instant thou him leave
 He sinks, and where is he?

In Praise of V I R T U E.

By Mr. T A T E.

O For a Quill drawn from an Angel's *Wing*!
 O for a Master Seraph's Voice to sing
 A Subject worthy of Seraphick Lays,
 'Tis Virtue, bright celestial Virtues Praise!
 Virtue beyond compare by all allow'd
 The fairest Beauty, and the best endow'd.
 For what Imperial Dame like her can say
 I've Wealth can ne'r be lost, and Charms will
 (ne'r decay?)

An

An *Eden* where unfading Pleasures grow,
And Joys pure Streams uninterrupted flow.

Not so, when Vice does her feign'd Smiles
(display,

That *Dalilah's* Caresses to betray.

Virtue's alone the chaste and real Friend

On whom th' enamour'd Soul securely can de-
(pend.

She Steel has prov'd, throughout the tedious Stage
Of mortal Life, and dangrous Pilgrimage,

To all who on, her Conduct have rel'd,

The best Companion, and most faithful Guide.

Our shadowing Cloud in Fortunes Darling Light

Our shining Pillar in Affliction's Night.

Our Heav'nly *Manna*, when for Food distress'd,

Our Fountain, when with scorching Thirst op-
(press'd.

She makes our Wilderness, all blooming Gay,

And scatters Roses in the Desert Way.

The very Thorns that make her Travellers bleed,

Are but Remembrancers to mend their Speed,

Left too much Ease their farther Care disband,
 And they stop short, short of the promis'd Land.
 Ev'n am'rous Youth with her securely steer
 Where Syrens deck'd in all their Charms appear.
 Of Circe's Isle the tempting Prospect shun,
 When th' unadvis'd to smiling Ruin run.
 By her the beauteous Sex are taught to know
 Both what to Heav'n, and to themselves they ^{(owe}
 Honour, and spotless Innocence to prize,
 Above the Triumphs of their conqu'ring Eyes.
 How dismal dear the Bargain when they sell
 Those Gems for ought that does on Earth excel,
That, Oh ! 'tis Life for Death, and Heav'n for Hell !

But then in largest Streams her Blessings flow,
 When Life grown Bankrupt can no more bestow ;
 She gives what mortal Nature never gave,
 Immortal Bliss, and Life beyond the Grave.

The Character of a Happy Life.

By Sir Henry Wotton.

HOW happy is he born, and taught,
That serveth not anothers Will?

Whose Armour is his honest Thought,
And simple Truth his utmost Skill?

Whose Passions not his Masters are,
Whose Soul is still prepar'd for Death;
Unty'd unto the World by Cate,
Of publick Fame, or private Breath.

Who envies none that Chance doth raise,
Nor Vice hath ever understood;
How deepest Wounds are giv'n by Praise,
Nor Rules of State, but Rules of Good.

IV.

Who hath his Life from Rumors freed,
 Whose Conscience is his strong Retreat:
 Whose State can neither Flat'ers feed,
 Nor Ruin make Oppressors great.

V.

Who God doth late and early pray,
 More of his Grace, then Gifts to lend:
 And entertains the harmless Day.
 With a Religious Book, or Friend.

VI.

This Man is freed from servile Bands,
 Of Hope to rise, or Fear to fall:
 Lord of himself, tho' not of Lands,
 And having Nothing, yet hath All.

Christ's PASSION, taken
out of a Greek ODE.

By Mr. Cowley.

I.

ENough my Muse, of Earthly Things,
And Inspirations but of Wind ;

Take up thy Lute and to it bind

Loud, and everlasting Strings ;

And on 'em play, and to 'em sing,

The happy mournful Stories,

The lamentable Glories,

Of the great Crucified King:

Mountainous Heap of Wonders ! which dost rise

Till Earth thou joinest with the Skies

Too large at Bottom ; and at Top too high.

To be half seen by mortal Eye.

How shall I grasp this boundless Thing !

What shall I play ? What shall I sing !

I'll sing the mighty Riddle of Mysterious Love,
Which neither wretched Men below, nor blessed
(Saints above.

With all their Comments can explain ;
How all the whole World's Life, to die did not
(disdain.

II.

I'll sing the searchless Depths of the Compassion
(Divine.

The Depths unfathom'd yet
By Reasons Plummet, and the Line of Wit :
Too light the Plummet, and too short the Line
How the Eternal Father did bestow

His own Eternal Son a Ransom for his Foe,
I'll sing aloud, that all the World may hear.
The Triumph of the buried Conquerer :
How Hell was by its Pris'ner Captive led,
And the great Slayer Death slain by the
(Dead.

III.

Methinks I hear of murdered Men the
(Voice,
Mixt with the Murtherers confused Noise,
Sound

Sound from the Top of *Calvarie*

My greedy Eyes fly up the Hill and see

Who 'tis hangs there the midmost of the
(three :

Oh how unlike the Others he :

Look how he bends his gentle Head with Bles-
(sings from the Tree !

His gracious Hands ne'r stretcht but to do
(good,

Are nail'd to the infamous Wood :

And sinful Man does fondly bind,

The Arms which he extends t' embrace all hu-
(mane Kind.

IV.

Unhappy Man, can't stand by and see

All this as Patient as he ?

Since he thy Sins does bear,

Make thou his Sufferings thy own,

And weep, and sigh, and groan,

And beat thy Breast and tear,

Thy Garments and thy Hair,

And let thy Grief, and let thy Love.

Thro' all thy bleeding Bowels move.

Dost thou not see thy Prince in Purple clad
(all o're?)

Not Purple brought from the *Sidonian* Shore,

But made at home with richer Gore.

Dost thou not see the Roses, which adorn

Thy Thorny Garland by him worn?

Dost thou not see the livid Traces

Of the sharp Scourges rude Embraces?

If yet thou feelest not the Smart

Of Thorns, and Scourges, in thy Heart,

If yet that be not Crucified.

Look on his Hands, look on his Feet, look on
(his side.

V.

Open Oh! Open wide the Fountains of thine
(Eyes

And let 'em call

Their Stock of Moisture forth, where'er it lies

For this will ask it all.

'Twould

'Twould all (alafs) too little be
Tho' thy Salt Tears came from a Sea ;
Canst thou deny him, this when he
Has open'd all his vital Springs for thee ?
Take heed ; for by his Sides myſterious Flood
May well be underſtood.
That he will ſtill require ſome Waters to his
(Blood.

Thoughts in SICKNESS.

I.

MY God, my Maker, humbly I adore
Thy Pow'r and Wiſdom in my goodly
(Frame :

I view the Work, and bleſs thy Sacred Name.
Thou took'ſt this Body from the common Store ;
A rude, and undigeſted Maſs before :
And lo ! all Art, and Order it became.

II.

II.

And when thou had'st compleated ev'ry Part
 Had'st taught each Spring, and Wheel their
 (destin'd Use;

And made a Purple Flood of Vital Juice,
 Rush thro' the Channels of the Active Heart,
 And Life, and Vigor to the Whole impart,
 Thou an immortal Soul did'st then infuse.

III.

And both dear God are still at thy dispose;
 For as thy awful Word cou'd first unite.
 Things in their Natures strangely opposite;
 So with the same can'st thou dissolve the Close,
 And each unto its Native Region goes,
 Earth back to Earth, my Soul to Realms of
 (Light.

IV.

I know thy Providence disposes All;
 I know that whatsoe're thou dost is best:
 O let me then in thy Appointments rest:
 Does God pre-order all Things, great and small,
 No

No Nail, nor dropping Hair without him fall ;
And yet shall any Change my Peace molest ?

V.

If thou hast Business for me here below,
I know thou soon wilt all my Pains expel.
My Sickness soon controul, and speak me
(well :

If not, why shall I think it hard to go ;
To leave this nauseous World of Sin and Wo,
And in immortal Joy, and Glory dwell ?

VI.

I will not, no, I will not Lord repine,
Tho' now thou please to Summon me away,
To bid me die, and leave this House of Clay ;
Thy Pleasure, as 'tis just, shall govern mine,
To thee, the Owner I my All resign :
Command whate're thou wilt I chearfully
(obey.

The R A P T U R E.

By a Young Lady. *P.*

I.

Lord! If one distant Glimpse of Thee
Thus elevate the Soul
In what a height of Extasy
Do those blest Spirits roll.

II.

Who by a fixt, Eternal View
Drink in immortal Rays;
To whom unveiled thou dost shew
Thy Smiles without allays?

III.

An Object which if Mortal Eyes
Cou'd make Approaches to,
They'd soon esteem their best lov'd Toys
Not worth one scornful View.

IV.

How then beneath its Load of Flesh

Wou'd the vext Soul complain!

And how the friendly Hand she'd bless

Wou'd break her hated Chain!

The 139 Psalm, Paraphras'd to
the 14 Verse.

By Mr. NORRIS.

I.

IN vain great God, in vain I try
T'escape thy quick All-searching Eye,

Thou with one undivided View

Dost look, the whole Creation through,

The unshap'd Embryo's of my Mind,

Not yet to Form or Likeness wrought

The tender Rudiments of Thought,

Thou seest before she can her own Con-
(ceptions find.

II.

II.

My private Walks to thee are known,
 In Solitude I'm not alone,
 Thou round my Bed a Guard dost keep,
 Thy Eyes are open while mine sleep,
 My softest Whispers reach thy Ear
 'Tis vain to fancy Secrecy
 Which way so'er I turn thou'rt there,
 I'm all around beset with thy Immensity.

III.

I can't wade thro' this Deep I find,
 It drowns and swallows up my Mind.
 'Tis like thy immense Deity,
 I cannot fathom that or thee :
 Where then shall I a Refuge find,
 From thy bright Comprehensive Eye ?
 Whether, O whether shall I fly
 What Place is not possess'd with thy All-filling
 (Mind !

IV.

IV.

If to the Heavenly Orbs I fly
 There is thy Seat of Majesty,
 If down to Hell's Abyfs I go
 There I am fure to meet Thee too,
 Shou'd I with the fwift Wings of Light
 Seek fome remote and unknown Land,
 Thou foon would'ft overtake my flight
 And all my Motions rule with thy long-reaching
 (Hand.

V.

Should I t'avoid thy piercing Sight,
 Retire behind the Screen of Night,
 Thou canst with one Celestial Ray
 Dispel the Shades and make it Day,
 Nor need'ft thou by fuch *Mediums* fee,
 The force of thy clear radiant Sight
 Depends not on our groffer Light
 On Light thou fit'ft enthron'd, 'tis ever Day
 (with Thee.

VI.

VI.

The Springs which Life and Motion give,
 Are thine, by thee I move, and live,
 My Frame has nothing hid from thee,
 Thou knowest my whole Anatomy.
 Than Hymn of Praise I'll tune my Lyre
 How amazing is this Work of thine!
 With dread I into my self retire
 For tho' the Metal's base the Stamp is all Divine.

The CONSUMMATION.

A Pindarick ODE, by the same.

I.

THE rise of Monarchies, and their long
 (weighty fall
 My Muse out Soars, she proudly leaves behind
 The Pomp of Courts, she leaves our little All,
 To be the humble Song of a less reaching Mind.
 In vain I curb her towring Flight,
 All I can here present's too small,

She

She presses on and now has lost their Sight,

She flies and hastens to relate

The last and dreadful Scene of Fate,

Natures great Solemn Funeral.

I see the mighty Angel stand

Cloath'd with a Cloud, and Rainbow round his
(Head.

His right Foot on the Sea, his other on the Land,

He lifted up his dreadful Arm and thus he said.

By the Myfterious great Three-One

Whose Power we fear, and Truth adore

I swear the fatal Thread is spun,

Nature shall breath her last, and Time shall be
(no more.

The Ancient Stager of the Day

Has run his Minutes out, and number'd all his
(way.

The parting *Isthmus* is thrown down,

And all shall now be overflown :

Time shall no more her under Current know,

But one with great Eternity shall grow,
 Their Streams shall mix, and in one Circling
 (Channel flow.

II.

He spake—Fate, writ the Sentence with her Iron
 (Pen,

And mighty Thund'ring said, *Amen.*

What dreadful Sound's this strikes my Ear?

'Tis sure th' Arch-Angels Trump I hear,
 Natures great Passing-Bell, the only Call,
 Of God's, that will be heard by all,

The Universe takes the Alarm, the Sea

Trembles at the great Angel's Sound,
 And roars almost as loud as he ;

Seeks a new Channel and would fain run under
 (Ground

The Earth it self does no less quake

And all throughout down to the Centre shake

The Graves unclofe, and the deep Sleepers there
 (awake

The Sun's arrested in his way,

He dares not forward go

But

But wondring stands at the great Hurry here be-
(low.

The Stars forget their Laws and like loose Pla-
(nets stray.

See how the Elements resign

Their numerous Charge, the scatter'd Atoms
(home repair

Some from the Earth, some from the Sea, some
(from the Air,

They know the great Alarm,

And in confus'd mixt number swarm.

Till rang'd and sever'd by the Chymistry Divine.

The Father of Mankind's amaz'd to see

The Glob too narrow for his Progeny :

But 'tis the closing of the Age

And all the Actors now at once must grace the
(Stage.

III.

Now Muse exalt thy Wing be bold and dare,

Fate does a wondrous Scene prepare.

The Central Fire which hitherto did burn

Dull, like a Lamp in a moist clammy Urn,

Tann'd by the Breath Divine begins to glow,

The Fiends are all amaz'd below,

But that will no Confinement know,
breaks thro' its Sacred Fence and plays more free

Than thou with all thy vast Pindarick Liberty,

Nature does sick of a strong Fever lye,

The Fire the *Subterranean's* Vaults does spoil

The Mountains Sweat, the Sea does boil,

The Sea her mighty Pulse beats high :

The Waves of Fire more proudly rowl,

The Fiends in their deep Caverns howl,

And with the frightful Trumpet mix their hide-
(ous Cry.

Now is the Tragick Scene begun,

The Fire in Triumph marches on

The Earth's girt round with Flames and seems
(another Sun.

IV.

But whither does this lawless Judgment roam

Must all promiscuously expire

A Sacrifice in *Sodom's* Fire?

Read

Read thy Commission, Fate sure all are not thy
(due,

No thou must save the Virtuous few.

But where's the Angel Guardian to avert the
(doom,

Lo with a mighty Host he's come!

I see the parted Clouds give way,

I see the Banner of the Cross display.

Death's Conqueror in Pomp appears

In his right Hand a Palm he bears,

And in his Looks he Sweetness wears.

Th' illustrious Glory of this Scene

Does the despairing Saints inspire,

With Joy, with Rapture and Desire.

Kindles the higher Life, that dormant lay within;

Th' awaken'd Virtue does its Thoughts display,

Melts and refines their drossy Clay:

New cast into a pure Etherial Frame.

They fly, and mount aloft in Vehicles of Flame,

Slack here my Muse thy roving Wing

And now the World's untun'd, let down thy
(high-set String.

Veni Creator Spiritus, Translated
into Paraphrase.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

I.

Creator Spirit! by whose Aid
 The World's Foundations first were laid;
 Come visit ev'ry pious Mind.
 Come pour thy Joys on Humane kind.
 From Sin and Sorrows set us free
 And make thy Temples worthy thee :

II.

O Source of uncreated Light!
 The Father's promis'd *Paraclete*!
 Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire,
 Our Hearts with Heav'nly Love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred Unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.

III.

III.

Plenteous of Grace descend from high,
Rich in thy Sev'nfold Energy!
Thou Strength of his Almighty Hand,
Whose Power does Heav'n and Earth command;
Proceeding Spirit, our Defence
Who dost the Gift of Tongues Dispense,
And crown'st thy Gift with Eloquence,
Refine, and purge our Earthly Parts,
But Oh! inflame and fire our Hearts!

IV.

Our Faculties help, and Vice controul,
Submit the Senses to the Soul,
And when Rebellious they are grown
Then lay thy Hand and hold 'em down.

V.

Chase from our Minds th' infernal Foe,
And Peace the Fruit of Love bestow;
And least our Peace shou'd step astray
Protect and guide us in the way.

VI.

Make us Eternal Truths receive,
 And Practise all that we believe,
 Give us thy Self that we may see
 The Father and the Son by thee.

VII.

Immortal Honours, endless Fame
 Attend th' Almighty Father's Name;
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd
 Who for lost Man's Redemption dy'd:
 And equal Adoration be
 Eternal *Paraclete* to thee.

23 JY 68

F I N I S.

A

TABLE OF THE POEMS.

H <i>RMN the 1st.</i>	Page 1
<i>Hymn the 2d.</i>	p. 4
<i>Hymn the 3d.</i>	p. 6
<i>Hymn the 4th.</i>	p. 9
<i>Hymn the 5th.</i>	p. 11

A Paraphrase on John 3. 16. By a young Lady,
p. 13

*A Paraphrase on the 148th. Psalm. By the Earl
of Roscommon. Writ at Twelve Years of Age.*
p. 17

Te Deum, Paraphras'd by Mr. DENNIS.
p. 22

Hymn

The CONTENTS.

Hymn on the Sacrament, By an unknown Hand.
P. 33

Pastoral, on the Nativity of our Saviour, in Imitation of an Italian Pastoral, By Mrs. Singer.
P. 35

Paraphrase on Rev. Chap. 1. from Verse 13. to Verse 18. By a young Lady.
P. 43

Pindarick ODE on the Passion of our Saviour. By Mr. Norris.
P. 46

Hymn on Heaven, By an unknown Hand.
P. 56

Come my Beloved, &c. Cant. 7. 11.
P. 59

Hymn.
P. 60

Paraphrase on John 21. 17. By a young Lady.
P. 63

The Wish, By a young Lady.
P. 65

A Dialogue between the fallen Angels, and a Humane Spirit, just entred into the other World, By an unknown Hand.
P. 67

Hymn, By Mr. Bowden.
P. 72

Hymn, By the same Hand.
P. 74

The

The CONTENTS.

<i>The Second Psalm Paraphrased, By Sir Richard Blackmore</i>	p. 76
<i>The 148th Psalm, By the same Hand.</i>	p. 81
<i>A Discription of Hell, in Imitation of Mr. Milton, By an unknown Hand.</i>	p. 86
<i>On Heaven, by the same.</i>	p. 90
<i>Part of the Third Chapter of Habakkuk, Paraphrased by a young Lady.</i>	p. 96
<i>Seraphick Love, By an unknown Hand.</i>	p. 99
<i>The Translation of Elijah, By an unknown Hand.</i>	p. 101
<i>Paraphrase on the 29th. Psalm.</i>	p. 104
<i>A Dialogue between the Soul, Riches, Fame, and Pleasure, By an unknown Hand.</i>	p. 106
<i>The 38th. Chapter of Job Translated, By Mrs. Singer.</i>	p. 110
<i>Hymn. Whom have I in Heaven but thee, &c. Psal. 73. 25. By an unknown Hand.</i>	p. 116
<i>By an unknown Hand.</i>	p. 117
<i>Hymn.</i>	p. 118
<i>Thoughts</i>	

The CONTENTS.

- Thoughts on Death, By a young Lady,* p. 119
- Paraphrase on Cant. 7. 11. By the same Hand.*
p. 121
- Paraphrase on Micah 6. 6, 7. By the same Hand.*
p. 122
- Dialogue between a good Spirit newly parted from
the Body, and the Angels that came to Conduct
him to Glory, By Mr. Bowden.* p. 124
- Paraphrase on Malachi 3. By a young Lady,*
p. 135
- The Meditation, By Mr. Norris,* p. 137
- The LXIII. Chapter of Iſaiah paraphras'd to the
Sixth Verſe. A Pindarick ODE. By the
ſame Hand.* p. 139
- The Elevation, By the ſame Author.* p. 143
- The CXLVIII. Pfalm paraphras'd, By the ſame
Author.* p. 146
- The Reſignation, By the ſame Hand.* p. 152
- The Proſpect, By the ſame Author.* p. 155

The CONTENTS.

The CXXXVII. Psalm paraphras'd to the seventh Verse, By the same Author. p. 158

Hymn to the Redeemer of the World, By Mr. Bowden. p. 161

The Warning, By Mr. Wesley, p. 170

The Vanity of the WORLD, By a young Lady. p. 179

The APPEAL, By an unknown Hand. p. 181

Canticles the 1. 7. Paraphras'd, By an unknown Hand. p. 183

Job 19. 26. Paraphras'd, By a young Lady. p. 184

Hymn. p. 186

Hymn. p. 190

Hymn. p. 191

In praise of Virtue, By Mr. Tate. p. 192

The Character of a Happy Life, By Sir Henry Wotton. p. 195

Christ Passion, taken out of a Greek ODE, By Mr. Cowley. p. 197

Thoughts

The CONTENTS.

<i>Thoughts on Sickness</i>	p. 201
<i>The Rapture, By a young Lady.</i>	p. 204
<i>The 139th. Psalm paraphrased to the 14th. Verse. By Mr. Norris.</i>	p. 205
<i>The Consummation, A Pindarick ODE, By the same Hand.</i>	p. 208
<i>Veni Creator Spiritus, Translated into Paraphrase, By Mr. Dryden.</i>	p. 214

M. Stephens

4. 1. 1. 15 13 2,

18

15 17 21 1 2 2 or 24 2 0 5
15 17 21 2 10. —